AUGUST 5, 1972

Saturday Review

FIFTY CENTS

SCIENCE

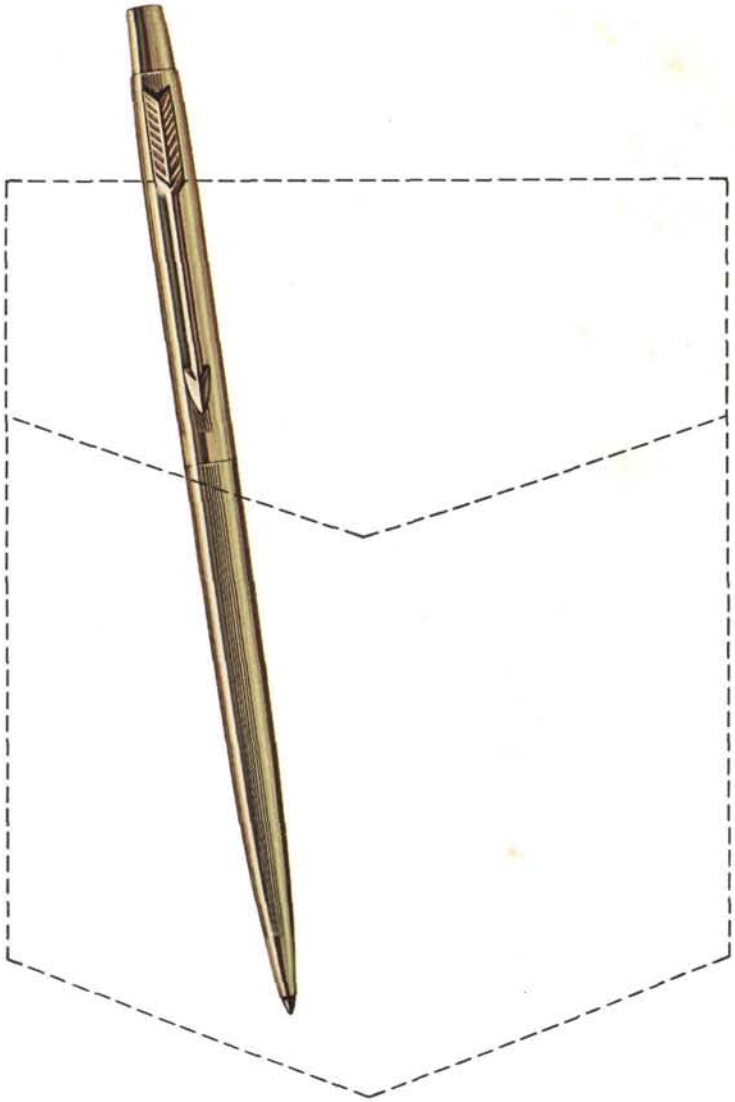
Creature Comforts at the Zoo

SENATOR JOHN V. TUNNEY ON GENETIC MANAGEMENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

They said we'd lose our shirt.



Our pen designers gave us a thin smile and said: "You want us to design the slimmest pen Parker's ever made?"

"Correct," we said, "But only on the outside. Leave lots of room for ink."

"You mean you want it to write a long time?"

"Several times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Months longer per cartridge, at least."

"You want it to have a gold-filled case?"

"Of course."

"But not to weigh more than an ounce—*one ounce?*"

"One beautifully balanced ounce," we said evenly. They sighed deeply, and continued to peruse the list.

"You want the pen to start writing instantly. You say you don't want the ball to slip or skip."

"Microscopic texturizing should do it," we ventured.

"And you want a choice of *five* point sizes?"

"For different kinds of writing," we said. "Broad, Medium, Fine, Extra-fine and Extra-extra-fine."

"No one's been able to design a pen like that!" they said. "Let alone guarantee it!"

"*We* can, "we said. "And we'll guarantee it against defects for the owner's lifetime. Or we'll repair or replace it—free."

"A pen like that would cost a fortune!"

"$8.50," we said.

The designers walked away in a bit of a daze. "You're gonna lose your shirt," they mumbled. "You're gonna lose your shirt."

But they made it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. And we sell it for $8.50.

So give it to someone who really matters. Someone to whom you'd give the shirt off your back. After all, it's our shirt!

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The gold-filled Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is $8.50. With matching Cartridge Pencil, $17.00. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ADVENTURE THROUGH THE CARIBBEAN TO BRAZIL.

COME, JOIN US FOR 28* ADVENTUROUS DAYS LEAVING JANUARY 4TH.

Lots of people go on cruises. Cruises are nice.

But how many people go on adventures?

Few. Mainly because, these days, adventures are scarcer than pterodactyls' teeth.

By an adventure, we mean an event filled with discoveries, with a sort of electricity to it.

Something that's both new, and fun. Something for people with an insatiable sense of curiosity.

Hence our adventure:

The 1973 Caribbean-Brazil Adventure.

A 28-day event, visiting many ports on the Caribbean (this many: St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Martinique, Curacao, San Juan, Grenada) and Bahia, stopping for two great days in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

THE SS MICHELANGELO. A PORTABLE ADVENTURE LEAVING NEW YORK JANUARY 4, FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLORIDA JANUARY 6.

Ports of Call

St. Thomas, Grenada, Curacao, St. Maarten, San Juan, Martinique, Rio de Janeiro (Brazil), Bahia (Brazil).

The ship's our ss Michelangelo, the pride of our fleet.

It should be perfect for making you feel more relaxed and Italian. Which is, after all, our stock-in-trade.

And because the entire thing is a luxury event, we've got to make it first come, first served.

So only a limited number of passengers can be accommodated.

Therefore, you'd best get your travel agent checking things out, in case you're interested.

MAIL NOW, ADVENTURE LATER.

Or, you might mail us back our coupon and we'll speed information to you, so you can make your mind up in time.

The Caribbean-Brazil Adventure leaves New York next January 4, and Port Everglades two days later, but we've found reservations are often filled early on anything as special as this.

Thank you.

Italian Line
One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

Please send me your illustrated brochure on the 1973 Caribbean-Brazil Adventure. I'd like to start thinking about it now.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent_____

Italian Line

SR8-72

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.

All-year-round transatlantic voyages, Caribbean cruises, Mediterranean tours. ss Michelangelo, ss Raffaello, ss Leonardo da Vinci, ss Cristoforo Colombo. Country of registry: Italy.
*24 days round trip from Port Everglades, Florida leaving January 6, 1973.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review of Science

INDEX

AUGUST 5, 1972 VOLUME LV, NUMBER 32

SR UP FRONT

4
"Ask Me. I Know. I Was the Test Case."
By Earl Caldwell
Subpoenaed by a federal grand jury to reveal all he knew about the Black Panthers, *New York Times* reporter Earl Caldwell fought the case up to the Supreme Court and lost. Here, for the first time, he speaks out on how the decision has affected him personally—and how it will affect reporters, and the public, in the future.

6
Democratic Women
By Lynn Sherr
Being a day-by-day chronicle of the adventures and misadventures of liberated women (including our reporter) at the Democratic Convention.

8
Why Con and An Can't Go Back to Saigon
By Susan Cohen
Increasing numbers of South Vietnamese studying at American colleges have been protesting the war. Some recently received orders to return to their country—where they fear they will face jail, beatings, torture, and death.

13
Getting Garfield's Gaiters
By Peggy Thomson
Herbert Collins of the Smithsonian Institution hasn't got those gaiters yet, but he does have Ike's five-star pajamas, Chester Arthur's sea otter lap robe, Jefferson's linen sleeping bag, and tons of other presidential memorabilia.

15
TRAVEL: Progress Comes to Fall Creek Falls
By Frye Gaillard
Some of the last true wilderness east of the Mississippi can be found in Tennessee. The problem: Can a great tourist attraction be saved from the tourists?

16
LETTERS

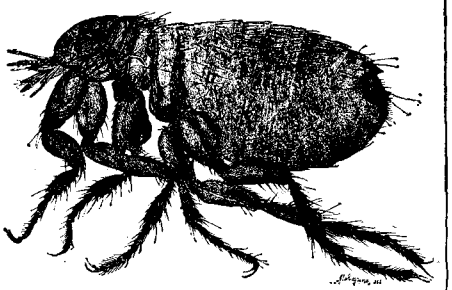
22
EDITORIALS:
Göran Gentele: What Might Have Been
By Irving Kolodin
Before his tragic death, the Met's new manager showed unusual grasp of a maddeningly complicated job.

Dangerous Days in the Middle East
By Ronald P. Kriss
Does Egypt's decision to expel those Russians mean peace—or war?

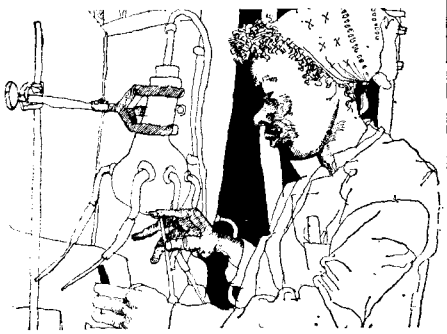
SCIENCE

23
Genetic Engineering
By Sen. John V. Tunney and Meldon E. Levine
Man now has the ability to modify and alter human genes. The political impact of this ability may be just as powerful as the scientific impact.

30
Year of the Flea
By David Hendin
Fleas are out in strength this year. They'll be dining on your pets—and perhaps even on you.



32
Black Lab Power
By Jack Shepherd
Science, like the Mafia, has not been an equal opportunity employer. The situation, however, is improving. Black faces in white lab coats are not as rare as they used to be.



40
Creature Comforts at the Zoo
By Barbara Ford
Zoos are changing. In some of them the people are caged while the animals run free.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ART CREDITS:

Cover: Ken Kay; pp. 5-6, 12-13 illustrations by Robert Pryor; pp. 25, 29 Ken Kay; pp. 30-31 Bettmann Archive; pp. 33-34, 38 illustrations by Alan E. Cober; pp. 40-41 San Diego Zoo; p. 42 top Bronx Zoo, bottom Milwaukee County Zoo; p. 43 Jim Elder; pp. 44-45 San Diego Zoo; p. 46 top Brookfield Zoo, bottom World of Animals, Dallas; p. 47 Bronx Zoo; p. 48 San Diego Zoo; p. 50 top Wide World Photos, center Culver Pictures, Inc., bottom left Culver Pictures, Inc., bottom center and right Wide World Photos; p. 51 top left Culver Pictures, Inc., top right Wide World Photos, bottom left Dennis Brack, Black Star, bottom right Claus C. Meyer, Black Star; p. 52 illustration by Seymour Chwast; p. 66 John Van Lund
CARTOON CREDITS: two by Al Ross

SR REVIEWS

49
BOOKS

49
The Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House
By James David Barber
Reviewed by Bill Moyers

51
Police in Trouble: Our Frightening Crisis in Law Enforcement
By James F. Ahern
Reviewed by John Holt

52
Any Minute I Can Split
By Judith Rossner
Into It
By Edward Pomerantz
Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

56
On the Docket
By O. L. Bailey

57
Book Business
By Alan Green

59
MUSIC: Opera Returns to Central City
By Byron Belt

60
THEATER: Satirical Roguery
By Henry Hewes

61
FILMS: . . . And Deliver Us From Evil
By Arthur Knight

66
DANCE: New Italian Duo and a Great Black Star
By Walter Terry

67
PHOENIX NEST: Game Preserves
Edited by Martin Levin

GAMES

57
Wit Twister

58
Your Literary I.Q.

67
Literary Crypt

72
Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 2000

SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $23.88 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 32. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John J. Veronis
President
Editor-in-Chief

Nicolas H. Charney
Chairman
Editor-in-Chief

Saturday Review

Editor
Nicolas H. Charney

Executive Editor
Ronald P. Kriss

Design Director
Donald K. Wright

Executive Art Director
William P. Hopkins

SCIENCE

Managing Editor
Alfred Meyer

Senior Editor
Frank Kendig

Art Director
John Isely

Assistant Editor
Ellen Weber

Contributing Editors
Barbara Ford, Sally Lindsay

Washington Editor
Daniel S. Greenberg

General Managing Editor
Robert Cowley

Senior Editors
Leonidas Contos, Irving Kolodin, Charles E. McLaughlin, Peter Nichols, Jon Swan

Books Editor
Eliot Fremont-Smith

Associate Editors
Rochelle Girson, Ava Swartz

Assistant Editors
Judith Bentley, Barbara King, Pamela Mackey

Contributing Editors
Henry Hewes, Alan Green, Arthur Knight, Martin Levin, Rollene W. Saal, Peter Schrag, Walter Terry, Brian Vachon

Editorial Production Director
Stanley Redfern

Copy Editor
Caroline Stevens

PRODUCTION STAFF Robert Boylan, Naid Sofian, *Copy Editors*; Michael Schrader, Suzanne Weiss, *Copyreaders*; Harrie George, *Photo Research*; Henrietta Lizewski, *Art Production*; Sandra Forrest, *Design Assistant*; Jack Boydston, Fumio Kobayashi, *Production Artists*; Patricia Rappaport, William Rose, *Production Associates*; Vincella Gover, Tierney Picardal, Charles Warren, Shirley Watler, *Staff*

EDITORIAL SERVICES Grace Mishkin, *Letters Editor*; Elizabeth Cox, *Librarian*; Roberta Craig, *Permissions*; Ardeane Tratzki, *Cartoons Editor*

GENERAL STAFF Joan Gallagher, Kay Gildersleeve, Beverly Gross, Anne Horn, Edith Lorillard, Sylvia Joyce Taylor, JoAnne White

STAFF SERVICES Irving Armstrong, Jacques Boutros, Adele Bradley, Vincent Hollins, Patricia Morin, Raymond Nine, Humberto Ramirez

THE ARTS John Poppy, *Managing Editor*; Neil Shakery, *Art Director*; Phyllis Seidel, Edmund White, *Senior Editors*; Marilyn Bethany, Jim Gaines, *Assistant Editors*; Dale Harris, *Contributing Editor*; Hildegard Kron, Patrick Merla, *Staff*

EDUCATION David W. Cudhea, *Managing Editor*; James Cass, *Consulting Editor*; Peter A. Janssen, *Senior Editor*; Sheila Canning, K. C. Cole, *Associate Editors*; Mary Jo Bane, Henry S. Resnik, *Contributing Editors*; Lillian Foster, *Assistant Editor*; Elaine Winters, *Staff*.

THE SOCIETY William H. Honan, *Managing Editor*; Wade Greene, Richard M. Levine, Lynne Williams, *Senior Editors*; Peter Hauck, *Assistant Editor*; Dorothy Murray, *Staff*

Publisher
Robert J. Moore

General Business Manager
Nicholas Listorti

Production Director
John Ahrens

Treasurer
Nathan Cohn

Philip Broselofsky, *Controller*; Allen Roberts, *Personnel Director*; Diane Fagon, *Personnel Administrator*; Sandy Bernstein, *Assistant to the Treasurer*; Rodolfo Alandy, Lorraine Albritton, Margaret Carmichael, Theresa Contrada, Carol Deer, Nancy Gruber, Barbara Levasseur, *Staff*

Circulation
Milton J. Block, Jr., *Manager*

Circulation Staff Marie Alves, Beatrice Goldberg, Ray Karpel, Barbara Keglowitz, Rosa Kubovic, Karen LoBianco, Berneice MacGregor, Diana Pototscher, Allane Rodrigues

Advertising Director
Peter Veronis

David Larkin, *Research Director*; William Lieberman, *Associate Manager*; Roberta Adams, Bernard Ganis, Charles Harris, Robert Kimmel, Walter Koontz, William Pearson, William Rosen, Richard Setti, Duane Spong, *Category Managers*

Virginia Medina, *Advertising Services*; Marilyn Hiris, *Advertising Production Coordinator*; Eleanor McAvoy, *Classified Advertising Manager*

National Sales Staff Richard Sullivan, *Chicago Manager*, Littrell Clark, *Chicago Associate Manager*, Bruce Miller, *Detroit Manager*, Granville Swope, *Los Angeles Manager*, Sanford Heckinger, *San Francisco Manager*; Helen Andreadakis, Barbara Belsky, Susan Caravello, Martha Dickinson, Gale Downs, Lenore Friedman, Susan Lehman, Barbara Levitt, Mary O'Shea, Frederica Plotkin, Carol Smith, Lynne Sward, Mary Thielo, Shirley Watler, Nancy Weston, *Staff*

Publishing Director
William D. Patterson

(Advertisement)

You are what you eat, the man says. But the important question is: what is it you are eating? For example, a widely-used beef gravy mix contains BHA and BHT, hydrolyzed vegetable protein, monosodium glutamate, propyl gallate, citric acid, and propylene glycol. A typical bottled salad dressing might include EDTA, gum acacia, sodium carboxymethylcellulose, algin derivative, and sodium benzoate. Do you know what all that stuff is and why it is in food, and what it might do to your health?

The answers to these and other questions are provided in a useful new book we have just published: EATER'S DIGEST: *The Consumer's Factbook of Food Additives* by Michael Jacobson. EATER'S DIGEST contains an item-by-item listing of the most-used additives and preservatives—their use, function, regulation, and test results. Dr. Jacobson's main concern in this book is to report on the safety of the additives we unwittingly consume, and he has not intended it to be a "scare" document. He does conclude that most food additives are harmless—some even provide positive benefits—but others may have harmful effects, particularly the nitrites used in processed meats.

So if you want to know the actual composition of the food on your picnic table this summer and to decipher the more and more complicated labels that are appearing on the wrappings and containers of the food in the supermarket, THE EATER'S DIGEST should be right up there on your reference shelf—next to the cookbooks and the scratch pad you use for making shopping lists.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

EATER'S DIGEST: *The Consumer's Factbook of Food Additives* ($5.95; Anchor paperback, $1.95), by Michael F. Jacobson, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR
UP FRONT

AUGUST 5, 1972

"Ask Me. I Know. I Was the Test Case."

BY EARL CALDWELL

NEW YORK, N.Y.—At this point I am already so far past my deadline that my editor has given up listening to my excuses. She has parked outside my office and has informed me that she will not leave until the piece is finished. All this to pull loose my reaction to the Supreme Court's June 29 decision that the government has, if it chooses, a perfect right to subpoena me, or any other newsman, to testify before a grand jury—in my case, one investigating the Black Panther party.

The article should be easy to write. I've got so much to say that I feel about to burst. But I can't put anything on paper. I can't let anyone know. I have to keep it to myself. That's the rule of the game. Just this once, though, I'd like to say: The hell with it—the hell with what the Justice Department might do—the hell with what the *New York Times* thinks. I owe this one to myself. I know what I've been through these past two years. Let me get this off my chest.

The day the decision came down I stayed at home. A friend called to say that I had lost. Later that morning I phoned the *Times,* and Gene Roberts, the national editor, told me that the decision had been 5 to 4. Justice Rehnquist had made the difference. The deciding vote had been cast by a man who had been deeply involved in the subpoena issue when he was in the Justice Department.

I thought back to the day, February 2, 1970, when the first subpoena was served. It required me to appear in San Francisco before a federal grand jury that was probing the activities of Black Panthers. I had been counseled—not by my attorney, but by other legal experts and by people prominent in the newspaper industry—against being so anxious to go to court to fight the issue. They argued that I risked having a bad law made in an area where none had existed. In other words, I shouldn't go to court because I might lose. It would be better, they said, if we could work something out.

There was nothing to work out. I'm a journalist and, as quiet as it's kept, serious about my work. I grin a lot and try to give the impression that I'm always happy. That's the facade black folks must put up. So when I said that I wasn't going to appear before any grand jury investigating the Black Panther party, nobody believed that I was serious. Perhaps they didn't know where I'd been for the past five or six years.

I was on the balcony with Martin Luther King in 1968, and I saw him die. I saw the blood come out of his neck and stack up around his head. I watched Ralph Abernathy cradle King's head in his arms. I was there, and I looked into King's eyes and watched him die.

Before that I had done my time in the streets. I wasn't just in Newark or Detroit. I was on Blue Hill Avenue in Boston. I was on the west side in Dayton. I was in Cincinnati and Watts and Sacramento and Chicago and a lot of other places where black folks showed their anger and rebelled during the summer of 1967.

I remember being in Newark and visiting a young kid in his home just after his mother had been fatally shot. There were twelve in that family, and their father was dead. Their mother had locked them inside the apartment when the rioting broke out, and she was lying on a couch. She got up—maybe to get a drink of water or maybe to see about the food on the stove. It makes no difference. The thing that's worth remembering is that when she got up a bullet came through a window and tore her neck apart. When I arrived, with my press card, there was only a pool of blood left and holes in the walls that were bigger than your fist. The next morning the stories in my paper were not about police and National Guardsmen firing weapons so powerful that they dug walls apart. The *Times* headlined stories about snipers—snipers who the governor of New Jersey said were operating in the black community and who were highly professional (in spite of the fact that they never killed anyone).

Out of that summer came Rap Brown. I went across the country with him, and I watched thousands of black folks who were fed up, who were so filled with rage that they, too, were about to explode. Out of all that came the Black Panther party.

When I linked up with the Panthers late in 1968 on the West Coast, they called me a cop. I had to be a cop, they reasoned: The *New York Times* was not about to send a black reporter 3,000 miles just to cover them.

I had friends who knew Kathleen Cleaver; she was my first contact with the party. But to make it, you had to be able to deal with the Panthers in the streets, the Panthers whose names you never asked, whose names you never read in the paper. They were the ones who showed me what I needed to know. Late one night in San Francisco they yanked an old couch away from a wall in a cramped apartment, exposing stacks of guns of every sort. I could tell my readers then to take these people seriously, and I did.

I watched the Panthers' breakfast program before other reporters knew it existed. I wrote about it in the *Times.* If I've ever written a page-one story, that was it. The story was all there, but it was buried somewhere in the thickness of the Sunday edition. I told how painstakingly

---

Earl Caldwell, a New York Times *reporter based on the West Coast, is teaching this summer at the Columbia University School of Journalism.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The FBI wanted to pick my brain. They wanted me to slip about behind my news sources, to act like the double agents I saw on TV."

they went about their work, cooking big breakfasts—eggs, bacon, ham, grits, biscuits—they had it all. But they also added politics, in the songs they sang, in the literature they gave to the kids. Nobody tried to hide the political part from me—the reporter from the *New York Times*. Every now and then I'd get the third degree. "C'mon now, Caldwell; we know you're a cop," they'd say. But I kept coming back, and I kept telling them: "I'm a reporter. That's my job. That's the only reason—the only reason I'm here." Somewhere along the line they began to believe me.

On the morning before he went into hiding and eventually slipped out of the country, I visited Eldridge Cleaver in his San Francisco home. I remember him sitting there at his typewriter with his shoes off and telling me that the time was coming when the Panthers would have to move against black journalists. Once, he explained, it hadn't made any difference what we wrote because nobody—nobody black, that is—read us. But with blacks beginning to read more, what was being written about them was becoming more important. "What good do you do, anyhow?" he asked me. I wrestled with the question then; it is even more difficult to answer now.

As I became more deeply involved with the Panthers, I began to keep all kinds of files on them. On Panther personalities. On off-the-record conversations. I kept tapes, too, and I would write my personal reactions to everything involving the Panthers that I covered. At this point they were under attack by police groups across the country. At a time when the party was shutting out reporters, I was closer to it than ever. I would sit nights at the national headquarters on Shattuck Avenue in Berkeley, talking with anyone who would talk. Often I would not leave until 3 or 4 in the morning. The party trusted me so much that, I did not have to ask for permission to bring along a tape recorder. Some writers hinted on occasion that I was a member of the party: I wrote that off as professional jealousy.

But I was never permitted to follow the story through to the end. The FBI saw to that. I had my first encounter with FBI agents when I wrote about the Panthers' guns, but that time they left me alone when I assured them that all the information was available in the newspaper. Then, late in 1969, they began to interfere with my work. They wanted to pick my brain. They wanted me to slip about behind my news sources, to act like the double agents I saw on old movie reruns on TV.

This is not my fantasy. The *Times* knew what was happening. They knew the FBI was calling me every day. Finally, Wallace Turner, chief of the *Times* bureau in San Francisco, arranged for an assistant in the bureau, Alma Brackett, to take all my calls. The FBI even had women call. It went on like that for months, until one day an agent told Mrs. Brackett that, if I didn't come in and talk to them, I'd be telling what I knew in court. That's when they subpoenaed me. They asked for all of my tape recordings, notebooks, and other documents covering a period of more than fourteen months—and let me know that, if I did not come in with everything, I would go to jail. As it turned out, when I did refuse to appear before the grand jury, I was found in civil contempt and sentenced to jail until I complied with the court order. Fortunately, the court agreed to stay the execution of that order until I had a chance to appeal.

The rest is history. I met Tony Amsterdam, a good man and a brilliant lawyer, who understood why I could not appear before the grand jury. Tony was beautiful. He never asked about money. He never said that we shouldn't do this or we shouldn't do that because we might get a bad law written. He said that we were right and that we would go all the way to the Supreme Court if we had to. We did. And now the Court has ruled, and it makes me sick that the vote that beat us was cast by one of the very men who earlier sat in the Justice Department, where he could not have avoided being involved in this whole issue. So the records show that we lost—lost in a court that black folks had come to think of as their last resort for justice in the United States of America.

It's no longer important now what the government can get from me about the Panthers. I have nothing to say about them. They are not the same organization now that they were when I covered them. As for the notes and the tapes I spoke of earlier—well, they're all gone. I ripped up the notebooks. I erased the tapes and shredded almost every document that I had that dealt with the Panthers. Many of those items should have been saved, for history's sake, as much as for anything. But in America today a reporter cannot save his notes or his tapes or other documents.

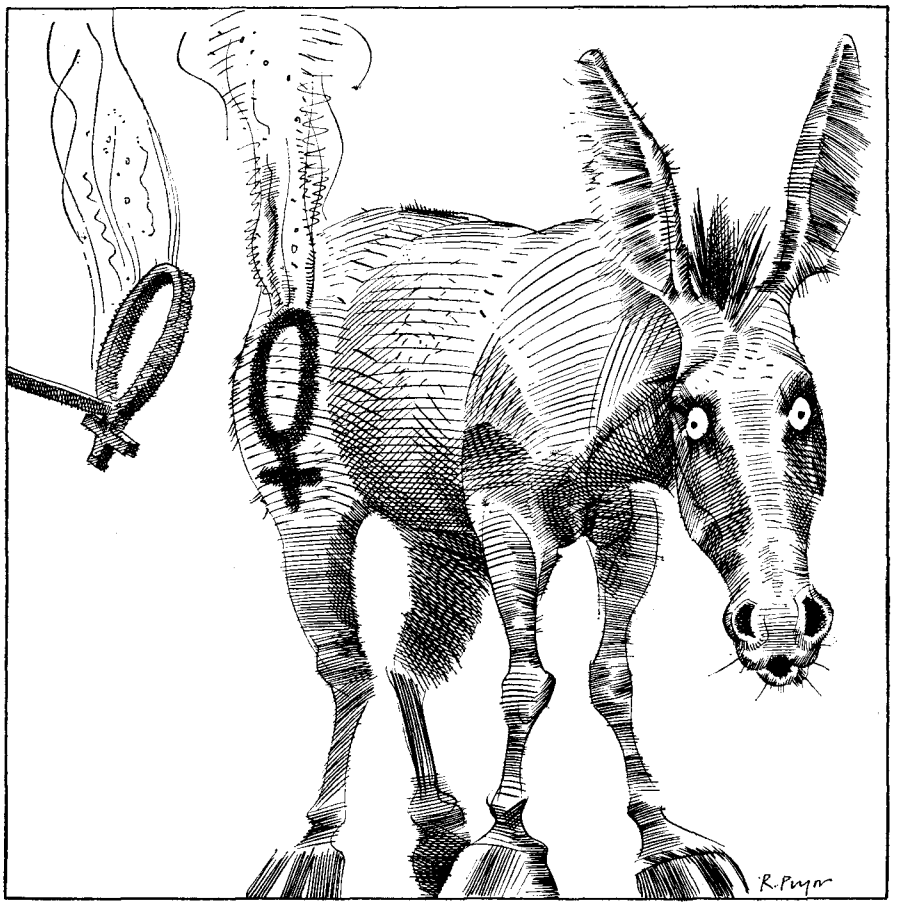
That's not all. From now on no newspaper can hope to cover effectively an organization such as the Panthers. I don't care how black a reporter is, he won't get close. He won't, and he shouldn't try. He won't because he cannot be trusted as a reporter. When he goes out and cuts an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interview, he may say that it's only for his paper. He may swear to it. But if he means it, the government can now put him in jail and keep him there. Ask me. I know. I was the test case. And because Justice Rehnquist did not disqualify himself, we lost.

Yes, this should be an easy piece to write. I have a lot to say. It's difficult, though, because I have a lot to think about. I am teaching this summer at Columbia University, but in another month I'll be heading back west to my job as a West Coast correspondent for the *Times*. I still have not figured out how I can go back into the black community—or any community, for that matter—and present myself as a journalist. Hell, even the Supreme Court has now said that there is nothing wrong with forcing a reporter to become a spy. But not all of the Court misunderstood.

In his dissenting opinion, Justice Douglas wrote: "A reporter is no better than his source of information. Unless he has a privilege to withhold the identity of his source, he will be the victim of governmental intrigue or aggression. If he can be summoned to testify in secret before a grand jury, his sources will dry up and the attempted exposure, the effort to enlighten the public, will be ended. If what the Court sanctions today becomes settled law, then the reporter's main function in American society will be to pass on to the public the press releases which the various departments of government issue." □



Democratic Women

BY LYNN SHERR

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—Midway through the exuberant first birthday meeting of the National Women's Political Caucus, on the morning of the opening session of the Democratic Convention, Gloria Steinem told nearly a thousand females, "The world is watching, and this time it's watching women."

Well, yes, the world *was* watching women—but only when it was convenient, and then usually through the unliberated eyes of the TV networks' newsmen. On the other hand, if you were here, and you were a woman or a reporter or a feminist, all of which I am, you were watching women constantly—sometimes happily, sometimes anxiously. This was a convention at which women behind still cameras photographed women behind movie cameras, so unaccustomed were they to seeing their sisters in the media; at which the hottest selling campaign item was a "Free Martha" button going for $4; at which the wife of the vice presidential nominee, one of the few wives of high-ranking politicians not to denounce female activists as lingerie burners, said the first thing she did when she heard that McGovern had named her husband was to clean house frantically. Along with 1,000 women delegates and the first-ever female party officials, there were bouffant hairdos, style shows, meter maids on motorcycles, bracelets with donkeys or with POW names inscribed on them, and a sale of quilts to help bankroll the candidate. Here is some more of what I saw in nine days. It is a biased report, I admit, but so are the reports that leave these happenings out:

THURSDAY: It is four days before the convention opens. I arrive, unpack, take an evening stroll down Collins Avenue with a friend, photographer Jill Krementz. A knobby-kneed male passerby wearing Bermuda shorts stage-whispers to his buddy: "I'll take the one on the left." He means me. I am not flattered. Welcome to Miami Beach.

FRIDAY: McGovern's women are holding a press conference, and the cameras are rolling. No wonder. "I'm Shirley MacLaine," announces the first speaker. She turns out to know something, to be more than a movie star. "We are interested in the higher political consciousness of all women," she says. The senator, she foresees, "could tolerate the inherent danger of women achieving political power . . . although he has a lot to learn."

Jean Westwood, McGovern's highest-ranking staff woman, who is to engineer the California credentials victory on the floor, makes a prophetic statement: "If women expect to make political decisions, they have to get in and assume roles. You can't sit outside and wait to be asked." Then Anne Wexler, the leader of McGovern's bloc on the Rules Committee, talks about the child-care centers set up during the campaign, how they had been "manned on a full-time basis." "You mean *personned* on a full-time basis," quips a male AP reporter in a surprising burst of feminism. The crowd chuckles approvingly.

We whip over to Flamingo Park, camp site of the poor, the hip, the yip, the zip. While the dissident leaders, all male, talk to the fascinated press, I slip into the Women's Tent, where I learn that the women are not feeling real power here,

Lynn Sherr is coauthor of The Liberated Woman's Appointment Calendar.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either. A zippie who calls herself Anastasia Sirocco is clad in pink shorts, clogs, and a midriff-baring shirt adorned with a gold marijuana leaf. She interrupts the speaker to say, furiously, that "the whole matter of women here is insane." Her yippie counterpart, Gabrielle, twenty-one, clogged in Dr. Scholl sandals, agrees. "This is a sexist town, Miami. The guys here are always saying, 'chick, chick, chick.' I tell them to go look in an incubator."

That night at the Fontainebleau bar I am regaled with stories about the women who hang around there. They call themselves entertainers and get $100 a night. At least one of them is looking for a fat cat. She is advised to wait for August and the Republicans.

SATURDAY: In the lobby of the Fontainebleau, the milling place for early arrivals, I spot two black faces—identical except for a few frecklelike marks on the button nose of one. The nose belongs to Emily Brown, eighteen; her twin is Amy. They are from Franklin, Tennessee, and are supported by a local feminist group known as the Magnolia Mafia. "Amy's the delegate," says Amy. Emily, an alternate, instantly counters, "I'm a minute older, so she's got to get her kicks in somehow." Charming, savvy, poised in their youth and blackness and femaleness, they are the most desirable delegates around. When the umpteenth stranger asks which twin is which, Emily remarks, "You know what they say: We all look alike."

SUNDAY: The women's caucus convenes again, in the Deauville. I begin to feel sorry for the Brown twins, who must choose between meetings of women, youths, and blacks. No such choice for Bella Abzug, a pro in this collection of mostly first-time delegates. Bella is just now explaining the platform. "We do not want to be the sacrificial lamb to this convention," she warns. She talks about the minority report on abortion, which never even mentions the word. Some women, like Shirley MacLaine, oppose the report because they feel it will hurt their candidate. Others oppose it because it's too weak. Abzug: "Many will feel that the candidate who supports this issue will be hampered. . . . We merely seek to establish this understanding, that [abortion] is a fundamental human right." She warns against possible pressures on women, that "it will sometimes be tough. Members of the press will always be asking, 'Will the women stand up? Or will the candidates take over?' "

Upstairs, at the Chisholm headquarters—strangely empty, strangely quiet—two black women, one ancient and the other aged only in experience, sit gazing at a television set. A sign on the wall reads, "We left our maid in Washington . . . so everyone has to help keep the place clean."

Then it is women's caucus time again. At last, a real smoke-filled room—feminized: women on the dais, women arguing with women, parliamentary questions nipping back and forth in the awkward exercise that will grow more familiar daily. A quick vote shows that a mere half-dozen of the several hundred women present oppose abortions. The minority report is quickly approved in a second vote. Then the question of credentials arises—which cases to support and how. The South Carolina challenge is a priority issue. Women are demanding representation on the delegation proportional to their share of the population of the state—51 per cent. The Credentials Committee has approved the present delegation, of which only 28 per cent are women. Question: "I'm wondering if the women added will be women or wives. Because I'm from Missouri, and we filed a challenge there, and the twelve new women turned out to be sisters of, wives of, daughters of. . . . What is the good of having the wife of a certain husband who says, 'Honey, how do we vote?' " Steinem to the rescue: "We've all been through this, and we've all been subverted. We think we can subvert these women as well."

Later that night I run into Germaine Greer, who has been talking into a tiny tape recorder for hours, reporting on meetings and happenings for a magazine story she will write. "This is all very confusing to me," Germaine confides. "The liberals and the illiberals down here all tease their hair."

MONDAY: Outside the Carillon Hotel two young women from Pocatello, Idaho, sell "Sisterhood Is Powerful" T-shirts for $5 each to help finance a library. Inside, nearly a thousand women, seated around tables, cheer and clap at this climactic session of the National Women's Political Caucus. Even *Washington Post* publisher Katharine Graham is there, a "Media" tag draped around her neck. Womanpower is the theme on the banner; political power is written in the smoke curling overhead. Liz Carpenter, former executive assistant to Vice President Johnson, former press secretary to Lady Bird Johnson, and a woman who entered politics long before it became fashionable, is speaking. "We were tired of being the political dingbats of the world. Let me assure you, there is no more exciting revolution today than the women's revolution." Betty Friedan, who found out about feminism before it became profitable, speaks next: "We are here legally as delegates—at least you are; I didn't get elected. We're not being outsmarted or manipulated anymore. No politician has women in his pocket anymore. They cannot double-cross us." The crowd roars. But she goes on to admit that "actually getting real power, that's not so easy."

Enter Shirley Chisholm, described by Carpenter as "a woman at peace with her own soul." Climbing on chairs and tabletops, the women cheer, scream 'We want Shirley," clap in rhythm. A tableful of Chisholmites holds balloons that read, "Chisholm for President . . . or God." But when, in her speech, the candidate suggests that women vote along candidate lines rather than feminist lines, some hiss. Hisses for Shirley Chisholm? Well, sisterhood has room for dissension.

McGovern arrives. He promises his "full and unequivocal support" for the South Carolina challenge. The cheers are deafening. "What about women's issues?" No answer. One woman in the audience holds onto his fleeting handshake. "You didn't deal with sexual freedom, and everyone wanted you to," she says. "I know that," he admits. "Why?" "Because I couldn't deal with that today," he says, slipping out. It sounds like a line from *Alice in Wonderland.*

At a reception in the afternoon, I spy poet Sandra Hochman directing a movie. Her camerawoman is shooting a woman —starting with the bare belly button and roaming over a T-shirt knotted high above jeans. A pin on the subject's shirt reads, "Debbie Schwartz, McGovern for President Host Committee."

Later I run into Fred Dutton, a top McGovern adviser. "The greatest kinetic energy is the women's vote," he says. "Women will be the majority on the floor by 1976." I wonder if he has told that to McGovern.

Still later, at a secret strategy meeting to draw up a petition supporting Shirley Chisholm for Vice President (the Wallace people are most receptive to the idea, presumably because it will eliminate her as a presidential candidate), another female reporter, trying to head off a disaster, suggests some organizational changes. I tell her that I think she is losing her objectivity, that she is manipulating the story. She sort of agrees.

That night the convention officially begins—and the innocence of women in politics ends. The South Carolina challenge, which McGovern had promised to support, is defeated, largely on a technical issue having nothing to do with feminism. In an effort to avoid a rules showdown, which might affect the upcoming California credentials fights, the senator's floor managers have reversed their position and instructed delegates to vote no on South Carolina. "I think we

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got caught in presidential politics," says a Michigan woman.

From the tube, you wouldn't know how double-crossed the women feel. Theodore White is pontificating about "the idea that there must be reasonable representation of certain biological groups —women, youth, blacks. I believe that a woman can represent me just as well as a man," he says, grandly. Eric Sevareid ponders the thought, then adds, "If you are going to carry it all the way, who's going to represent the left-handed Lithuanians?" Walter Cronkite reports that the South Carolina challenge is lost and "the ladies" are angry. Anyone who calls us "ladies" could never understand how we feel.

TUESDAY: A few minutes after the POW-MIA wives endorse McGovern, I run into his campaign manager, Gary Hart, who explains that his man did not double-cross the women on the South Carolina vote, that the decision was simply a political one. "It was not a sellout. We did not make the decision to vote against the challenge until after we knew we could not carry that fight. They got the candidate who is the best candidate on their issues, and that is much more important than winning the South Carolina challenge." Incidentally, "they" are the women.

I wander through a welfare-rights press conference, a fashion show, an antifashion show. Before attending the session that night, I go to a school near the convention hall to visit the day-care center sponsored by the Democratic National Committee. The center is a first for a political convention, a sure sign of feminization. Only a dozen or so children have been deposited, and they are whooping it up. A young Coast Guard yeoman, third class, from Hazlehurst, Georgia, a McGovern man, takes care of the ten-year-old daughter of a Wallace supporter. He says he has learned that men can take care of children, too.

Inside the convention hall things are exquisitely topsy-turvy. Jean Westwood, the architect of last night's California victory, says, "I'm working the whole floor tonight." There is talk about unfurling a banner protesting the bombing of dikes, and one female delegate quips, "I asked if it was a gay liberation flag. Either way, it should be shown." Shirley MacLaine is taking notes for a magazine article; so is Marlo Thomas, for a newspaper. I think about becoming a movie star. Meanwhile, my journalist friends are still confusing their roles. At least two women reporters helped to lobby the delegates on the abortion report. One of them tries to calm me. "But I didn't take part in the voice vote," she says. It wouldn't have helped—abortion goes the way of South Carolina. Again the women feel betrayed, not because of the issue, but because of the tactics: Someone put a right-to-lifer up there on the podium to talk about the fetus.

WEDNESDAY: George McGovern is nominated. Women have learned about politics.

THURSDAY: "McGovern ripped the women off," complains a woman who is demonstrating to make Sissy Farenthold the first female vice presidential nominee of a major party. Farenthold was the winner of a cool million votes in an unsuccessful bid to be governor of Texas. Tonight Gloria Steinem dons her only dress to nominate Farenthold, who comes in a respectable second to the party choice. State after state proudly reels off its feminist achievements: "Massachusetts, the most recent state to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment" . . . "Oregon, home of politically oriented women" . . . from Minnesota a female voice, "Madam Chairperson" . . . "Hawaii, first state to ratify women's rights as a constitutional amendment. . . ." Why do so many women vote for Farenthold? "It's a statement, a way of saying we want women considered seriously for the office of president and vice president," a Massachusetts delegate explains. "What happened with South Carolina and the abortion issue—this kind of garbage is never going to happen again!"

FRIDAY: In the steamy aftermath of the convention in which women gained the right to participate as they never had participated before, McGovern's ace strategist Jean Westwood is named head of the Democratic party. I think she's still called chairman, but that, too, will change. □

Why Con and An Can't Go Back to Saigon

BY SUSAN COHEN

. . . the Government of the Republic of Vietnam has requested that the Government of the United States terminate your training program under the sponsorship of the Agency for International Development. In compliance with this request, your program has been terminated effective June 1, 1972. An international ticket for your return transportation to Vietnam is on hand in this office.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—On June 7 four South Vietnamese students enrolled at American universities received this letter. It came from the Agency for International Development (AID), the State Department division that sponsors more than 400 of the 1,000 or so Vietnamese studying in this country. A few days later the government of South Vietnam requested AID to cut off the funds of three more Vietnamese students. At about the same time several others, studying in the United States on their own money or on scholarships from universities, received unsubtle suggestions to go home: a phone call from an airline's office saying a ticket to Saigon was awaiting them; a notice for an interview with the U.S. immigration service; a draft notice from the Saigon government.

All these students have actively opposed the Thieu government in recent months by demonstrating at campuses and consulates or by making public statements demanding the resignation of the Thieu government and the withdrawal of American troops. Now, the students say, if they are deported, they face the army, jail, beatings and torture, possibly death.

One of the students who received the AID letter is already dead. Nguyen Thai Binh was twenty-four years old and had just graduated with honors from the University of Washington, where he had spoken out against the war. On July 1 he sent a letter to President Nixon pledging to "struggle by all means against any kind of foreign aggressors who invade Vietnam." Binh labeled the Americans as aggressors and went on to say, "If I get killed, millions of Vietnamese will replace me to fight until we end this inhuman, immoral war."

The next day, probably in Honolulu, he boarded a Pan Am 747 headed for Saigon; his ticket was paid for by AID. When the plane left Manila, Binh, carrying some lemons wrapped in tin foil and a knife, attempted to hijack it to Hanoi. Tricked into allowing a landing in Saigon, he was grabbed from behind by the pilot and held while a passenger shot him five times. The pilot flung his body out onto the runway, saying, "I just couldn't stand to have that person in any part of my airplane."

Later that day Binh's father was arrested in Saigon and taken to an interrogation center. The South Vietnamese police have refused to explain the reasons for his detention or even whether he is charged with any crime. He is held, apparently, under a law that allows them to suppress Communists.

Susan Cohen is a graduate student in journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Does Saturday Review?

The editors of Saturday Review proudly announce a new monthly magazine devoted to Science.

Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Environment. Applied Sciences.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic. Many *scientists* will thoroughly enjoy it.

What we've done is to make the material more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

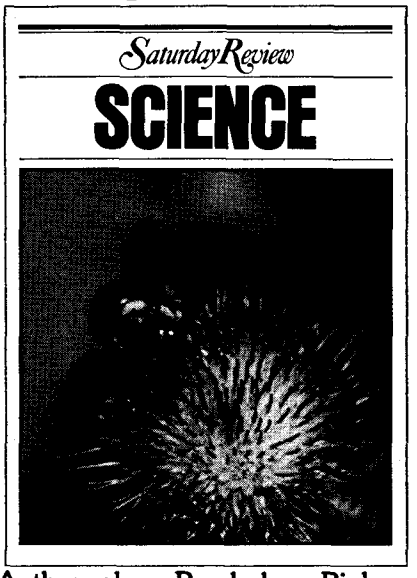
And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science will cover science as it needs to be covered.

It will keep you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And



Anthropology. Psychology. Biology.

the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach will be to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

An article on Sentics will introduce you to a whole new science that aims at the precise measurement of emotional expression, and of those qualities of expressive form which we recognize is a work of art.

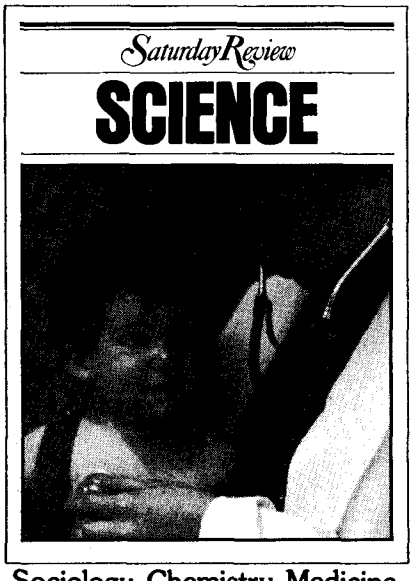
An article on Trauma will explain how accident victims die from the care they receive, rather than from the actual accident.

The grammar of baby talk will fall within the scope of Science.

You can learn how pollution can be fought *with pollution* through the application of vortex ring theory.

And how ancient terra-cotta objects are being accurately dated within 100 years of their correct age by means of a new device called a cesium magnetometer.

SR-Science will be the publication you'll look forward to getting every month.



Sociology. Chemistry. Medicine.

Physics. Health. Computer Sciences.

In addition, Science will carry features, puzzles, reviews, and editorials, of the kind that have made Saturday Review the brain-prodder it is.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at a half-price introductory rate.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

SCIENCE
Saturday Review
380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Vietnamese students in the United States, protesting the war can earn a summons home.

A Vietnamese tradition that holds parents responsible for the actions of their children may explain why most Vietnamese studying in the United States have been politically silent, reluctant even to answer questions about the activist few. Many, in fact, are the sons and daughters of generals and politicians and other high-ranking members of the Saigon regime. All the students are aware of the possible consequences of political criticism in their country. "Politics in Vietnam is a serious matter," one said recently, "a matter of life and death."

In spite of that fear, the number of South Vietnamese activist students in the U.S. has been growing, and by now there may be as many as forty involved. Leaders of the American peace movement have watched these students closely, hoping that they will give the peace effort a boost like that given by the antiwar Vietnam veterans more than a year ago.

The students organized their first demonstration last February 10 when ten of them barricaded themselves in the Vietnamese consulate in New York City. They were trying to show Americans that there is South Vietnamese opposition to the Thieu regime and to show Vietnamese in this country that they should join together and speak out. The students issued a statement that said: "We are not seizing American property. We are not raping American women. We are not forcing American men to kill each other and other human beings. . . . We are simply occupying a piece of our property—a property that has been acquired at the cost of countless Vietnamese lives—to make known the magnitude of the crimes being committed by the U.S. government against our people." The South Vietnamese consul called the police, who forced their way into the consulate and arrested the students for criminal trespassing. The charges were later dropped.

Then, on April 27, twelve Vietnamese students demonstrated against an AID center at Southern Illinois University, charging that it was a cog in the machinery of Vietnamization and that Vietnamization was nothing more than "changing the color of the cops." On June 22, twenty-one students occupied the San Francisco consulate, where they demanded the release of political prisoners in Saigon, the withdrawal of American aid to Thieu, and the dismantling of the Thieu regime.

Two students who demonstrated in New York and who received the AID letter in June are Vu Ngoc Con and Nguyen Huu An. Con and An, who are twenty-four years old, have been studying engineering at Northrop Institute of Technology in Inglewood, near Los Angeles, to which they transferred a year ago from Fresno State College. They share with three other Vietnamese students a two-bedroom apartment in Inglewood, a community of modern apartment houses and older homes near the Los Angeles International Airport. When I dropped in on them one day recently, Con was bent over a guitar, which he strummed softly as he sang a Vietnamese folk song. His face was broad and open. An was quiet, with hair that fell onto his face and gold-rimmed glasses. Both were wearing jeans and T-shirts.

The two students had known each other in high school in Vietnam. They won the AID "Leadership" scholarships, they say, because they were good students and because, unlike many of their friends, they had not taken part in political demonstrations. "When we were at home," An explained, "we were not active. But we realized the Saigon government was a corrupt one. We did not have a clear point of view of American foreign policy."

Neither comes from a family that has spoken out politically. Con's family fled the North when the country was partitioned in 1954. An's family are merchants in a town near Saigon, and his brother is in the South Vietnamese army. Both Con and An were aware that the 1967 election in South Vietnam was dishonest, but they did not take part in the student demonstration against it. "Some of my friends tried to denounce the Thieu government during the election," Con said. "Some of my friends have not gotten out of jail yet."

Four years ago, when they came on AID money to Fresno State College, they encountered U.S. antiwar sentiment and began to question their feelings and their silence. "When we first decided to do something," Con admitted, "we were not sure if our families would be getting into trouble. But, with 300 Vietnamese getting killed there every day, we couldn't keep quiet and study here. Whatever happens to our families and ourselves, we are willing to take the risk." Neither Con nor An has been in contact with his family for three or four months.

In May, when An took his passport into the South Vietnamese consulate for renewal, he did not get it back. "We walked into the office, and they said they had a list of all Vietnamese involved in antiwar activity," An said. (The consul was not available for comment. After attempting to reach him in ten phone calls in ten days, I was finally told not to expect a return call as the consulate has a policy against phoning long distance.) In June the letters from AID arrived. AID officials point out that the letters did not mention deportation. "We don't send them home," explained Robert Landry, the deputy assistant director for the Participant Training Program, who signed the letters.

But, as An put it, "It means the same thing without saying deportation." AID students are on a special and limited visa, called a J-1, which is terminated automatically when the scholarship ends, since it is part of the intention of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

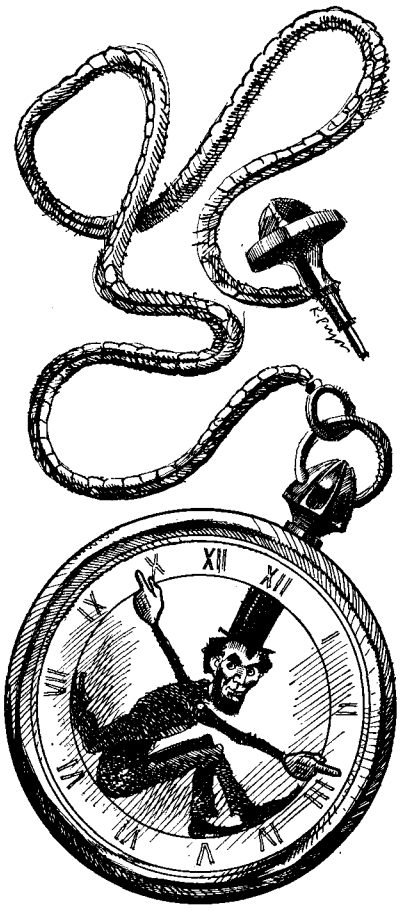
program to make sure skills learned in this country are applied at home. (Students sign an agreement with their own governments that they will return.) Landry admits that AID, after canceling the grants, automatically notified immigration officials.

An and Con will not finish their studies until next March. AID has made it clear that the agency will not support them next year or sponsor their visas. "The U.S. government has no plans to finance them against the wishes of their own government," Landry said. "They come here and are expected to act as guests, with the same privileges as U.S. students. They are free to speak on campuses. Their own government, of course, has its own responsibilities." Landry said AID had no alternative to honoring the Saigon request to cut off funds, although this is the first time he can recall such a request from another country.

Friends in the American antiwar movement have put An and Con in touch with former Attorney General Ramsey Clark for legal advice, and several antiwar senators, including Edward Kennedy, have sent letters to AID, asking for explanations of the affair. (The answer to Kennedy's letter was a confession by AID that they had made an "administrative error" in stopping the funds just a few days before the end of the term and that those few days of funding will be reinstated.)

Another recipient of the AID letter, Nguyen Tang Huyen, who has been a student at the University of California, Berkeley, has already applied for status as a political refugee. He is using a new procedure set up last year after a Lithuanian seaman seeking asylum was returned to his ship without a hearing. Huyen's lawyer, a San Francisco attorney named Donald Ungar, says his client is "clearly entitled" to refugee status under both the U.S. immigration law and a United Nations convention on political refugees. The decision now rests with the State Department. "If he doesn't get it," said Ungar, "it will only be for political reasons. It is somewhat embarrassing for the U.S. government to give asylum to someone from South Vietnam."

After the death of Nguyen Thai Binh in the Saigon airport, Con and An and a number of other Vietnamese activists announced new plans for demonstrations. (A Union for Vietnamese in the United States is also being organized.) But the reaction of other Vietnamese students was cool. One of them, unwilling to give his name, said, "I admire these students for their courage. But we all know what's in the cards for people who take action." Clearly, the cards for Vietnamese who speak out against the war, here and at home, are stacked against them. □



Getting Garfield's Gaiters

BY PEGGY THOMSON

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The day after Gov. George C. Wallace was shot at the shopping center in Laurel, Maryland, Herbert Collins checked his address-roster of Smithsonian Institution colleagues to find one who commutes to work in Washington, D.C., from Laurel. He asked him to bring back a Laurel *News Leader* with the account of the assassination attempt and any flyers that were distributed at the shopping-center rally. Collins, who is associate curator of the Division of Political History and custodian of the most prestigious collection of political Americana anywhere, could have obtained that sort of thing from Wallace headquarters, but he'd rather have items that were handled by local people on the very occasion. (That's why he was out retrieving trampled-on placards at the Pentagon March and got himself tear-gassed in the process.)

Collins would like, in addition, to have the text Wallace was reading from, especially if he could also get the one Theodore Roosevelt was using when *he* was shot in Milwaukee while campaigning for the Bull Moose party in 1912. (Collins knows it's available.) And he wouldn't mind having the pertinent bullets, though he recalls T. R.'s reply when the assailant's lawyer tried to retrieve the bullet for his client. Roosevelt said a bullet is like a letter: Once the sender lets it go, it belongs to the recipient. Collins says he will leave blood-stained clothing to others; nevertheless he's rather partial to the bloodied cuff, in the Smithsonian's possession, from the gown of Laura Keene, who cradled Lincoln's head while he was still in the box at Ford's Theater.

Collins's Smithsonian position carries a lot of clout when he wants to fill in gaps in his presidential or campaign collections, but his problem is that he is holding government property and cannot do what collectors do best—he can't swap. He can't swap Jefferson's socks or Ike's five-star pajamas or the picture autographed by F.D.R.'s Scottie, Fala, or even Woodrow Wilson's overcoats. And his allowance to buy is skimpy.

Collins has to wheedle and wangle what he can, though this, as it turns out, is quite a lot. When he wants Chester A. Arthur's fishing reel, he talks Michigan's Young Republicans into organizing a Friends of President Arthur Club, which then raises the money ($500) and goes for Arthur's sea-otter lap robe as well. Collins admits he's removing items in limited supply from circulation but argues that the Smithsonian's collection enhances the prestige of a hobby that, with a listing today of 4,000 American political items collectors, is approaching the popularity of stamps and coins.

The bulk of the Smithsonian's campaign collection was a gift from Ralph E. Becker, former chairman of the New York Young Republicans and now general counsel for the John F. Kennedy Center. Becker, whose acquisitions over a thirty-year period were forcing him out of his home, arrived at the Smithsonian in 1958, carrying his bounty in suitcases.

Many more offers come from people looking for a cash return. Rarely do they get it, though a lad who found the earliest Jefferson banner, on a railroad track, did partially finance, via Becker, his college education. The offers, Collins says, are accompanied by the "saddest stories this side of a welfare office." And the family's fortunes can be recouped only by the sale of its heirloom—which oftentimes he must tell the correspondent is bogus. "I can list the families wiped clean by not having the *Ulster County Gazette* they think they have." They have page 1 rimmed in black, carrying the announcement of Washington's death, but it's a

Peggy Thomson is a freelance writer in Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

copy periodically republished that sold for 10 cents. (The Library of Congress will provide on request a check list for verification.) Or they offer a hatchet bearing the Washington profile on its head, which is presumed to be either the very instrument of the cherry tree's destruction or a gift presented by the Founding Father, like a presidential tie clip or a ball-point pen. Actually, the hatchet was produced in quantity in 1889. So, in 1865, was Bailey's bust of Lincoln—now worth about $15. Abe's rails, carried in 1860 parades and many times resplit, are mainly in museums, as are the walking sticks Bishop Meade of Virginia made from Washington's carriage spokes. (The Smithsonian inherited one of the four panels.)

Although Collins is still a bit shy on Truman items and on mementos of the Twenties, his collection from the most flamboyant campaign of them all, that of 1840—which sophisticated people thought crude—is truly distinguished. Campaigning had been moving from the parlors to the streets ever since 1824; by 1840 marching bands were out in force for the torchlight parades. It was a big year for symbols and slogans ("Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"), ditties, promotional trinkets—a year, too, for image making, when Whig rhetoric created fake humble origins for William Henry Harrison, transforming him from a member of a Virginia first family to a homespun, cider-swigging, log-cabin rustic. Collins is also well fixed for 1888, a campaign that, having Harrison's grandson Benjamin as a candidate, featured many repeated motifs—with the exception that the second Harrison President wore a coat to his inauguration (Collins has it), thus avoiding his grandfather's fatal case of pneumonia.

Fullest coverage is for the 1968 campaign, during which Collins stocked up diligently on the major candidates, even to their highway bulletin boards. The day after Nixon's nomination, he climbed the walls of Rockefeller's Washington headquarters, dismantling the outdoor decorations and carting them off. As a result, Collins is going easy on '72 materials, "letting the candidates sort themselves out," lest he overflow the capacity of even his Suitland, Maryland, warehouse. When colleagues suggest he capture some "Moscow Muskie" headlines from the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader*, along with a Muskie tear, an ITT shredder, or a Martha Mitchell telephone, he politely turns them off, commenting that he is less interested in the actual shredders or telephones than in the take-offs of them as they develop.

Collins's favorite items are clearly the homemade ones that reflect the folk art as well as the issues of the day. He's fondest of the banners by itinerant painters and of early household objects—crockery and snuffboxes—bought at neighborhood stores. Many of these, especially prior to 1850, were manufactured abroad—French sewing boxes (depicting "Jackson Triumphant"), Liverpool pitchers (commemorating such figures as "Maddison" and "Munroe"). It wasn't until 1896 that a single company started to mass produce objects for both parties —like the identical soap dolls labeled "My Papa Will Vote for McKinley" and "My Papa Will Vote for Bryan."

In his collection are the forerunners of present-day campaign gadgetry—examples of the earliest buttons, ribbons, and campaign medals, of bridle rosettes (picturing Blaine, Logan, Cleveland, McKinley, Bryan, et al.), which Collins calls the pre-auto-age bumper stickers. He has the old-time torches and helmets, the Wide-Awake uniforms and the paper collars, the Toby jugs and cocoa mugs. There are tin horns and clackers, Prohibition blotters, and an anti-Prohibition flask—blown to the contours of Carry Nation's hatchet.

Even with all the items he has out on loan—such as those at the National Portrait Gallery for a show on presidential losers—Collins's cupboards are never bare. In the halls of the Museum of History and Technology, downstairs from his office, the original (1903) Teddy Bear sits, beady-eyed and defiant. Close by are a ferociously mustached and toothy Rough Rider doll and the patented Hound Dog used in 1912 to promote presidential aspirant Champ Clark —a motif that, in its day, was repeated in neon lights, sheet music ("You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Hound Dawg Aroun'"), and the parading of rented hounds through the streets of Baltimore.

The collecting of political history is a quirky thing. Collins is saving Speaker of the House John McCormack's big spittoon ("He may be the last public figure to use one"). He's saving paper luncheon favors depicting the Nixons' dog Checkers, along with the Victoriana displayed at President Garfield's funeral—the pillow, bouquets, and floral Gates of Heaven under glass. His instinct is informed by the regret he feels over items no one thought to preserve in times past, such as the big log cabins on wheels pulled through the streets like floats in the 1840 parades and the sketch of a wild turkey that might have been submitted when Benjamin Franklin electioneered against the eagle as the national bird.

"You collect a lot of material," Collins says. "You have to do it when it's available. And, at that, it's a race with fate. Several weeks after we got an 1892 campaign headquarters sign from Yonkers, New York, the barn it had been stored in burned down. Some things may not be exhibited for a hundred years [he's never shown outfits worn by the Ku Klux Klan]. Or ever, possibly—for example, the shackles used on members of the Lincoln assassination plot. You collect and leave the exhibiting to future generations.

"You try to get things that best reflect an individual. You know how Everett Dirksen admired Lincoln. I went to Pekin, Illinois, and got his desk from Mrs. Dirksen. It was the one Lincoln used in the Pekin courthouse when he was riding the circuit." Collins also likes to pair items. Since he had the drum that beat a muffled cadence at Lincoln's funeral, he asked for one from President Kennedy's—and got it from the Fort Meyer Army Band. He has the black-rimmed menus from the Eisenhower funeral train en route to Abilene and the plain menus from the trip back.

The one day a week Collins saves for research enables him to get out publications like the one on campaign torches, with eighty-eight illustrated models, and a new work with more than 400 pictures of political kerchiefs and bandannas. He is also the author of a recent book about presidential transportation, *Presidents on Wheels*, which has an appendix on White House stables and garages.

A soft-spoken Virginian, Collins is conscious of the fact that he was born the year Roosevelt defeated Hoover, in the oldest frame house in Caroline County—the county in which John Wilkes Booth was caught and the home of the composer of "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." Collins still has all but six of the presidential portraits he got from corn flakes boxes. And he has the post cards he bought on his visit to the Smithsonian with a high school teacher who insisted that the Presidents and Vice Presidents be memorized in order.

His collecting today is somewhat hampered by the new tax law that requires buyers to wait a year before listing gifts as tax-deductible. And it is greatly hampered by the establishment of presidential libraries, which hoard the very material the Smithsonian used to receive. Whereas Collins has the linen sleeping bag Jefferson carried as protection from the dingy sheets of taverns and ordinaries, the vest Andrew Johnson made when he had his tailor's shop, T. R.'s cross-country skis, and Cleveland's trout flies, he has not one thing from LBJ. When Lady Bird Johnson visited Collins, not only did she come empty-handed, she came for advice on what *she* should be saving for Austin. Collins suggested she preserve, among other memorabilia, the cabin of Air Force One, in which her husband took the oath of office in Dallas. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Progress Comes to Fall Creek Falls

BY FRYE GAILLARD

Just outside the town of Sparta, Tennessee, a gentle river known as Cane Creek trickles and tumbles its way through dense woodlands and then plummets 256 feet into a gorge choked with virgin timber. Fall Creek Falls is the tallest waterfall east of the Rockies. Although it can't compare in ferocity with Niagara Falls—if your luck and nerve hold out, you can wade across Cane Creek within fifteen yards of the drop-off—its setting convinced Tennessee officials years ago that it should be preserved; state officials convinced the Department of the Interior to deed over the falls and 16,000 acres of surrounding land.

But within the last decade, economics began to intrude, and the officials decided that what the area really needed was more tourists. They promptly bulldozed away huge tracts of timber and replaced them with four-lane highways, an artificial lake, an ultramodern hotel, and an eighteen-hole golf course. In June state officials summoned newspaper and television reporters from across Tennessee for the formal unveiling of "our new $8-million superpark."

The presentation, like the park itself, was slick. The phrases were well chosen, and the next day the predictable stories gushed forth. Tennessee, the reporters concluded, had developed a new concept in outdoor recreation—an area combining the blissful purity of a wilderness with the modern-day comforts of home. It sounded good, but a lot of Tennesseans (including myself) were horrified. To those of us who had hiked or camped there in the past, Fall Creek seemed little in need of the heavy hand of man, and we were disturbed by the ecological issues raised.

"I'm afraid the state may have destroyed the buffer zone that a wilderness must have to survive," said Dr. Elsie Quarterman, a Vanderbilt University ecologist. "It's sad and scary, especially when everyone talks about luring in more tourists. I doubt whether the Fall Creek Falls area can stand a major influx of people."

The new park is a tenderfoot's haven.

What she was saying was that wilderness and people don't mix. In modern America a wilderness exists only in the virtual absence of humanity, but promotion-minded officials seem to abhor such vacuums. Campaigns to attract those who want to get away from it all are often self-defeating. As the wild country fills up with hikers and campers, it ceases to be wild, and Fall Creek Falls is a symbol of what is happening throughout the South today.

Within Tennessee, people in official and semiofficial capacities have begun to recognize that their state has, as much as any other in the South, the kind of spectacular landscape that attracts tourists. Nearly all of its twenty-six state parks are scenic, but most are a tenderfoot's haven—equipped with cushy, well-stocked campgrounds, a healthy sprinkling of motels, and only a minimum of rugged back-country retreats.

There are exceptions. In the eastern part of the state, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park contains more than 516,000 acres of some of the roughest country in the eastern United States. The park is crisscrossed by hundreds of miles of hiking trails, and many are clearly designed for only the hardiest and most dedicated of hikers. Even so the park is plagued with crowds. Half the population of the United States is only a day's drive away, and the Smokies have more visitors than any other national park. In June the National Park Service announced new restrictions to curb the flow of humanity into the back country.

If the crowds are sparser in the mid-state canyon lands farther west, it is only because they are more difficult to reach. The landscape is riddled with deep gorges, unexplored caves, and cascading waterfalls. Much of the forest is unmarred by so much as a hiking trail, but development threatens this wilderness, too.

To conservationists in Tennessee, these canyon lands of the Central Cumberland Plateau are the last frontier, the only really unspoiled area accessible to the indigenous mountain folk and to the outdoorsman. Strip-mining and lumbering are the most immediate perils. But the specter of Fall Creek Falls looms uncomfortably.

"What they did up there is enough to make you sick," says Herman Bagenstoss, a feisty little newspaper publisher from Tracy City, Tennessee. "My big project for years has been to cajole the state into buying a canyon known as the Savage Gulf, which has a virgin forest growing on its floor. The legislature has just voted to set aside $500,000 for that purpose, and it looks as if we may have succeeded. I don't think they'll do to the Savage what they did to Fall Creek Falls, but I'm uneasy. The Savage really can't stand the huge crowds who don't give a damn."

His views were echoed recently by Casey King, an ancient, stubble-bearded mountain man who lives not far from the park. Casey's ten-acre farm is just off Tennessee Highway 30, and one day in late May my wife and I stopped to ask him directions.

"Yeah, I know the way to Fall Creek Falls," he said. "Been there many a time in my day. Some o' the best fishin' a feller could ever find. Don't go there too much anymore, though. Too many bulldozers. Too much noise. Not peaceful like it was. 'Fore long the place'll be swarmin' with touristers from all over the country. Most of 'em will just wanna say they seen the tallest waterfall in the East.

"You know," he said, "they didn't need all that concrete up there. It was just fine the way it was. What do you s'pose gets into folks to make 'em do somethin' like that?"

Talking to Casey for awhile, it was evident that his sense of loss and frustration went deep. But it was tempered by a hillbilly's stoicism, as if he knew there was nothing a feller like himself could do to make the big boys understand—nothing to make them see that the great Tennessee outdoors is more than an economic commodity. □

Frye Gaillard, former AP staff writer, now reports for the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SaturdayReview Industries

President
John J. Veronia

Chairman
Nicolas H. Charney

Vice President
Jon M. Stark

Director of Management Services
Herbert L. Williams

CORPORATE STAFF
Josephine Amalbert, Carol Ash, Page Cole, William Fugelsang, Linda Kleinman, Ann M. MacClave, Veri Sweete

CORPORATE PLANNING
Mark Edmiston, John Klingel, Penny Ertelt, Harry Sears, Carol R. Aiello, Gregory Cascante

STAFF
Carol Andrie, Karen Barnard

SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS

PUBLISHER
Irving Goodman

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Charles Sopkin

SENIOR EDITORS
Thomas Davis III, Paula Diamond, Susan Stanwood, Nancy Uberman
John Knowler, *European Editor*
Judith Sachs, Susan Smith, *Editorial Assistants*
Robert Gales, *Sales Director*
Linda Exman, *Advertising Director*
Jane Pasanen, *Publicity Director*
Judy Goldfield, *Publicity Associate*
Paula Diamond, *Subsidiary Rights Director*
David Ford, *Production Director*
Pat Douglas, *Production Assistant*
Tere LoPrete, *Art Director*
John Carter, *Copy Chief*
Elaine Chubb, *Copy Editor*
Thomas Casserly, *Business Manager*
Bobby Artis, *Fulfillment Manager*

BOOK CLUB/DIRECT MARKETING DIVISION

PUBLISHER & GENERAL MANAGER
Neil Zelenetz

DIRECTOR
Ralph Cohen

EDITOR
Steven Fommer
Irma Pascal Heldman, *Associate Editor*
Edward Hughes, *Fulfillment Manager*
Phyllis Salzman, *Administrative Manager*

SaturdayReview

PROGRAMS
William D. Patterson, *Publishing Director*
Thayer Bigelow, *General Manager*
Herbert J. Teison, *Associate Publisher*
Irving Kolodin, *Editorial Director*
Robert Jacobson, *Managing Editor*
Suzanne Oppenheimer, *Production Director*
Joseph Gasparino, *Production Manager*
Roanne Alpert, *Dailies Editor*
Rima Calderon, *Coordinator, Washington*

Programs Staff
Katina Athanasopoulos, Sandra Bersch, Carol Corcoran, Ellen Kaufman, Dolores Koch, Shirley Rosenberg, Judith Sterling, Kathleen Stone, Lee Warner

Sales Staff
Hector Cascante, Isabel Cunningham, George Ferron, Maggie Freeman, Edward Goodstein, Paul Kwartin, Henry Ohrtman

Letters

The Back of the Bus

Re: "Harlem From the Back of the Bus" by Ellen Stock [*SR*, July 8]. While it is true that the High School of Music and Art "requires a special admittance test," that test is concerned solely with the student's artistic or musical ability. Further, it is not a competitive examination in the sense that a student must be a finished artist or musician or singer, but it takes into full consideration the student's latent ability or potential. Scholastic ability and grades are not part of the test or admittance criteria. However, Music and Art's principal, Richard A. Klein, pointed out some time ago that, if a student can learn the intricacies of a musical work, for example, there is no reason why a young person cannot learn mathematics or chemistry. Failure in that would lie with the faculty rather than with the students, Klein said. As for tour guide Nelda Major's comments about the school, "The majority are white students . . ." and "few of the students . . . are Harlemites," in a recent evaluation of the "mix" in New York City's specialized high schools, Music and Art was the only one where the student body represented a mix of white, black, and biracial Puerto Rican students close to the ratio of these respective populations in the city as a whole.

Music and Art hopes to move from Harlem, but only because it has been promised a new home in Lincoln Center, close to Juilliard and other focal points of music and of other performing arts. Even if this dream is realized, its student body will continue to represent the musically and artistically gifted young people in our city, without regard to race or creed. The one way to destroy this fine institution—and the opportunity it offers to all gifted youngsters, particularly those from unprivileged segments of the population—is to make it a neighborhood school and change the admittance criteria.

Milton Riback
New York, N.Y.

"Alexander Hamilton was a black man," according to the Harlem tour guide quoted by Ellen Stock. The guide "was partially right . . . he was . . . an octoroon," Miss Stark adds.

Nathan Schachner [in his well-balanced biography] gives the following facts.

Hamilton's father was James Hamilton, "the fourth son of Alexander Hamilton and his wife, Elizabeth. Alexander Hamilton was known as the Laird of the Grange, which was located in the Parish of Stevenson, County of Ayrshire. The Hamiltons could trace their ancestry back to a great ducal house that had scattered branches throughout the British Isles. Elizabeth was the daughter of Sir Robert Pollock, whose lineage was equally well attested."

So much for the father, "the indigent son of a noble Scottish house," whose older brother, a medical doctor and plantation owner, had preceded him to the West Indies. Now for the mother, born Rachel Fawcett.

Her father was Dr. John Fawcett, a French Huguenot, who emigrated to the British West Indies because at that time it meant death for any Huguenot to remain in France unless he agreed to abjure his Protestant faith. Although he arrived penniless in his new home, as a result of hard work he became, by middle age, a man of considerable means. He then married a girl twenty years his junior. "Of his young wife nothing is known except that her first name was Mary. Neither tradition nor documents cast any light on her surname or connections." It seems unlikely, however, that the wealthy and substantial doctor—who by this time owned slaves—would have married a mulatto, half-Negro and half-white, which Mary must have been if her daughter was to be a quadroon.

As for Rachel (Hamilton's mother), she was given "a grounding in those accomplishments which were deemed essential to a woman of family. She mastered English, French, and Latin, she learned to play the piano, to sing, dance, embroider, and paint pretty watercolors. Aside from these conventional aids, she showed herself to be intelligent, high-spirited, and impetuous. Her wilful beauty and marked appeal soon attracted the attention of all the eligible males on the islands."

As a result of her father's bad investments, Rachel's inheritance was a small one. At sixteen she married a wealthy planter named John Michael Levine, had a child, and then left him. At twenty she met young James Hamilton, and they fell in love. They wanted to marry, but she was still legally Mrs. Levine. . . .

"On St. Kitts, which was a British colony, the obstacles to a divorce were almost insurmountable. . . . only an Act of Parliament could dissolve the bonds of matrimony. . . . They decided therefore to live together without benefit of law or clergy. It was not a difficult decision to make. Customs and morals in the West Indies were free and easy at the time. Many other couples were in the same predicament. The difficulties in the way of divorce were well known. No scandal or ostracism seems to have attached to the imprudent pair as a result of their openly avowed relation."

Rachel Levine (nee Fawcett) and James Hamilton had two sons, the elder being Alexander Hamilton.

Schachner also mentions . . . in order to give all the known facts about Hamilton's parents, that Mary Fawcett . . . owned three slaves. When she died . . . she left them to Rachel. So Hamilton's mother . . . and maternal grandmother . . . were not only the wives of wealthy plantation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owners and social leaders, but owned slaves in their own right.

DeVallon Scott
Camarillo, Calif.

Drug Abuse

Re: Lester Grinspoon's and Peter Hedblom's "Amphetamines Reconsidered" [*SR*, July 8]. Everything is addictive: overeating, sex, car racing, everything. But that isn't the point. The point is not whether drugs are addictive. It is whether people should have their private behavior regulated. Lots of things are dangerous, but what kind of life is it where safety always comes first?

Laws (yes, it *is* repression the authors are after) do nothing to deter extremists and psychopaths. It is only the responsible who are stifled. If I want to fry my brain, shouldn't that be my own business? Why this constant interference from the medicos? I don't carry life insurance; so why does the Establishment concern itself with my health? Moreover, I am an adult. If I prefer candy to spinach, regardless of what my dentist feels about it, then that is my concern.

James Martin
San Francisco, Calif.

The Body

It is unfortunate that some of the language in Seymour Fisher's excellent article "Experiencing Your Body: You Are What You Feel" [*SR*, July 8] tends to perpetuate the very myth that he is trying to break down, namely, that we are our "mind" and are entrapped in this foreign vehicle called "body," which we control from our pilot's seat just behind our nose as we look out through the windows of our eyes.

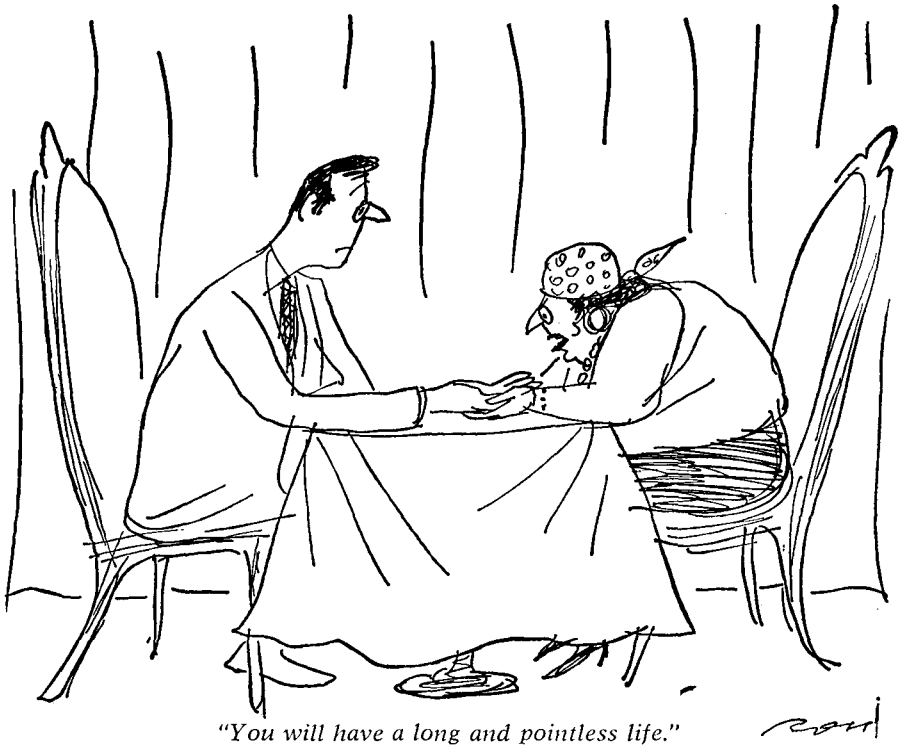
"Third Psychology" affirms the wholeness of the human being. Fritz Perls says, "I *am* my liver, I *am* my kidney, I *am* my headache." Every cell of the millions of cells that we are sends messages to the total organism (not just to the brain), and it is the total organism that responds to these messages.

Mr. Fisher speaks of the body as "your base of operations" and as an "object . . . so persistently with you," but his message clearly is that your body demands and deserves recognition by and integration with your ego consciousness. Indeed, you are what you feel.

Robert C. Hawley
Education Research Associates
Amherst, Mass.

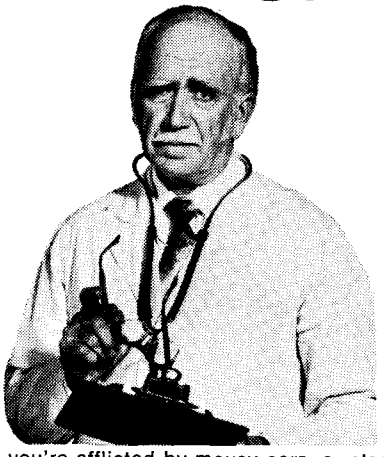
Explo '72

Re: Edward B. Fiske's "Corraling Jesus in the Cotton Bowl" [*SR*, July 8]. Mr. Fiske, while concentrating on several minute parts of Explo '72, unfortunately missed a big point, which I hope some of the readers were able to catch; namely, that beneath a conventionlike exterior Explo '72 held a representative group of a growing American minority—the Jesus-loving youth. These are, for the most part, not Jesus "freaks"—kids out for a few months on a religion kick—but truly dedicated, changed people who have made a decision to devote their lifetimes to God and His work through Jesus. Since I am one of those reborn, I can vouch for the fact that Jesus is doing more for youth today than all of you, including Mr. Fiske, may realize. If you could only see the people that were hung up on dope, sex, religiosity, and themselves that Jesus has saved and made new again—and see the difference in their lives—you would know that these people themselves were the important part of Explo, not the lectures or the plastic-bagged witness kits. Explo may have had many things wrong with it, but the people who were involved were on the



"You will have a long and pointless life."

Grow Bigger Ears.



If you're afflicted by mousy ears, or else normal (or even pendulous) ears dwarfed by limited experience, this is just the offer you (and they) have been waiting for.

While no one can honestly claim to alter the outer dimensions of your acoustic organs without surgery, the white-coated technicians of Warner/Reprise Records *can enlarge their inner dimensions* with a pleasurable new product marketed under the title **Middle of the Road.**

A mere two bucks will fetch this two-LP full-stereo extravaganza, brimming with the artistry of America, the Beach Boys, Dion, Fleetwood Mac, Jennifer, Gordon Lightfoot, Rod McKuen, Randy Newman, Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, Todd Rundgren, Seals & Crofts, John Sebastian, Frank Sinatra, John Stewart, Paul Stookey, Alex Taylor, James Taylor, Mary Travers, T. Rex, Dionne Warwicke, Tony Joe White, Peter Yarrow and Jesse Colin Young.

That's right, 83 thrilling minutes of good new works from this premier group, all of whom have waived profits to join in this program of aural expansion, a monetary loss they share with their normally greedy record company, Warner Bros.

TO: **ALL EARS,** Room 215, C
Warner/Reprise Records,
4000 Warner Blvd.,
Burbank, Calif. 91505

Please send me a double portion of new wax for my ears. I enclose $2.
Here's who I am:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make checks/money orders payable to Warner Bros. Records. Allow six weeks for us and the Post Office to get it to you. Offer good only in the U.S. and Canada.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

ATTACH LABEL HERE

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please let us know *at least four weeks before you plan to move.* For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Saturday Review
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE DIVISION
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to: Letters to the Editor. Inquiries should be sent to: Reader Services. Poetry, article suggestions, manuscripts, and cartoons should be sent to our Contributors Department. The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts, poetry, and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

right track. Believe me, even though I am only sixteen, I've seen both sides of the situation and am convinced that I'm on the winning team, and I have no doubt that many of the participants feel the same way.

Janet Holmes
Pompano Beach, Fla.

McGovern and the "Forgotten" Man

Re: "The Case for McGovern" [*SR*, July 1]. Reading through Professor Galbraith's litany of the McGovern virtues and the Nixon sins, I can't help wonder for whose eyes the article was intended and whose lips are going to give back the echo at the polls this fall. Not for those of us who are going to vote for McGovern anyway. Not for the confirmed Nixonites in the *SR* readership. And not, I think, for the undecided. For, truth to tell, Galbraith's article begs the questions the wary have about McGovern. Likewise, in making the McGovern band wagon sound irresistible, Galbraith overestimates the appeal of some of McGovern's positions for the "forgotten" man—the Democrats' term, I take it, for the silent majority. Most forgotten men, sad to say, don't want out of Vietnam, don't want higher inheritance taxes, detest integration in general and busing in particular, don't give two hoots in hell about how many non-Communist dictatorships we prop up, and hate passionately the idea of "more handouts for bums on welfare"—which includes, of course, any sort of guaranteed minimum income.

Here in Oregon McGovern got about 50 per cent of the Democratic votes cast. Wallace got about 20 per cent. How many Wallace voters would switch to Nixon in a McGovern-Nixon contest is hard to say. My own guess is that enough would go to Nixon—or stay home—to give Nixon Oregon's few electoral votes. Much of Humphrey's fabled support among the elderly might go to Nixon as well. Be that as it may, if the liberal hour is to strike at last in November, it won't be by dint of the forgotten man's cozying up to another new deal.

John H. Mouser
Boring, Ore.

The Luxon Wall

Re: Isaac Asimov's "The Ultimate Speed Limit" [*SR*, July 8]. You spend four pages preparing us for a bridge between fictional and actual science, and then you destroy the bridge (the luxon wall). The "soul" certainly isn't a tachyon, unless man lives in both universes at once. If he does, can he arrange a galactic switch with someone in Andromeda? Of course, that might be quite a strain.

The Rev. Edmond V. Worley
North Olmsted, O.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1999)

RICHARD R. LINGEMAN:
(DON'T YOU KNOW) THERE'S A WAR ON?

Zoot-suiters played hard, drank a lot, fought over girls, crashed parties and broke them up by starting fights, and sometimes engaged in criminal activity. But on the whole they were simply poor kids seeking escape from drab lives and exploding in the moral vacuum of wartime life.

"Before I go home, tell me honestly: How is my facade of sobriety?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the world doesn't excite you anymore, maybe it's because you've allowed yourself to stop growing.

Maybe, without realizing it, you've been sitting on the sidelines while some of the greatest intellectual adventures of all time are taking place.

Take the sciences, for example. Discovery by discovery, they're starting to come within striking distance of what makes this universe tick. Or the social sciences: they're learning what *really* makes us act the way we do. Why we wage war, make peace, make love. Or the arts: traditional barriers are breaking down everywhere—to the consternation (and sometimes delight) of critics.

The only problem is that each branch of science and art presents its findings in its own little group of magazines. And there are hundreds and hundreds of them—far too many for one person to follow.

That's why INTELLECTUAL DIGEST was created. Every month, our editors comb over 300 scholarly and professional periodicals. From *American Journal of Sociology* to *Daedalus*. From *Dissent* to *American Psychologist*. From *Physics Today* to *Paris Review*. And when we find an article of unusual significance—or excitement—we reprint it for you . . . in full, whenever possible.

A few recent examples:

A pioneer aerobiologist explains how clouds may be used to reduce the pollutants in our atmosphere. (Natural History)

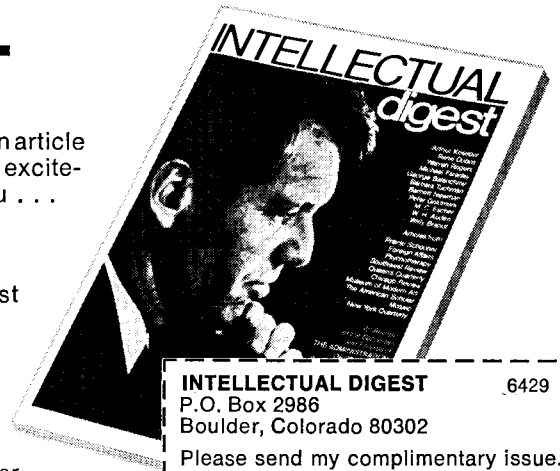
A biochemist explains how a virus may be used to cure diabetes. (American Scientist)

What went on every Saturday night at Rue de Fleurus . . . the home of Gertrude Stein. (Art in America)

Kenneth Clark tells why he opposes black studies programs. (Antioch Review)

Complimentary issue

See for yourself. Just mail this coupon and the latest issue will be sent to you. Then take two weeks to make your final decision about subscribing while our special charter rate is still in effect.



INTELLECTUAL DIGEST 6429
P.O. Box 2986
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send my complimentary issue. And, before the special charter rate is discontinued, enter my subscription for 11 additional issues at only $6. This is a total savings of 40% on the regular $10 price. I may cancel within 14 days after receiving my first copy if not fully satisfied.

☐ $6 enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

Add 50¢ for Canada and $2 for Foreign. (Cash only)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Göran Gentele: What Might Have Been

How good a general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Göran Gentele would have been will never be known. In his brief incumbency, before he died in a driving accident on July 18, he had given promise of an unusual grasp of a complicated job. He had gone to the root of long-standing personnel problems by talking with every one of the company's more than a thousand employees. He had won the esteem of their representatives as a fair-minded negotiator by seeking to settle quickly the recently lapsed contracts of the fourteen unions with which the Met does business.

On the artistic side he had initiated a number of moves that were cogent critiques of the creeping inertia that had beset a predecessor twenty-two years in office. It was a particularly wise decision to assign Michael Tilson Thomas to assist Leonard Bernstein in the preparation of the new *Carmen*, which will open the next Met season on September 19. Thus, when Thomas takes over the production later in the season, it will be with an unusual amount of indoctrination. This, and the appointment of twenty-nine-year-old James Levine as the company's new principal conductor, signaled a frontal attack on the besetting problem of operatic organizations everywhere. That is, with older, more experienced conductors unwilling to devote much of their time to repertory opera, how can one avoid risky overcommitment to inexperienced younger ones? Thomas and Levine are two of the most able young musicians produced in America during the Sixties. Gentele boldly put his judgment of their talent on the line when others would have chosen more safely.

Gentele's first assistant, Schuyler Chapin, who has been designated acting general manager, must cope with four seasons beyond 1972–73 for which binding commitments have already been made. The long-awaited Met debut of soprano Beverly Sills in Rossini's *The Siege of Corinth*, for example, will occur in 1975. Such long-range engagements are routine in these days of year-round operatic activity in air-conditioned auditoriums, jet travel, and competition for top talent in areas as distant as Tokyo, Japan, and Sydney, Australia. Will the Gentele commitments stand, or will there be some backtracking on them?

Inevitably, the "team," about which such optimistic expectations have been heard, will have a new captain. Will the Met's board break with precedent and finally nominate an American for the first time in nearly ninety years?

In Chapin, the board has an acting manager of the right age—forty-nine—and of the appropriate background—social connections, general education at Millbrook School and Harvard, specialized musical studies elsewhere—to satisfy the institution's unspoken criteria. An aspirant to the top job when a successor to Bing was being sought, Chapin recommended Gentele when his own credentials were deemed insufficient. In turn, Gentele took him on as his all-important resident expert on matters American and operatic. The turn of the wheel that brought Gentele's car into the path of a truck while vacationing in Sardinia also brought Chapin full circle into the position he had sought and been denied.

Even opera has few plots as complicated, but as neatly rounded, as this one. Over decades to come, Göran Gentele will be associated with what Whittier termed the saddest words of tongue or pen—what "might have been!" His talent won him an assignment that he might well have forgone had he realized the "appointment in Sardinia" that was lurking for him.

We esteem the Met as a source of example and influence for companies all over the country. For this and other reasons, we wish Chapin not merely the will to succeed but the wisdom to accept all the counsel he has inherited in these demanding circumstances.

Americans have made it on every level of operatic endeavor save the very top. Chapin stands closer to it today than any predecessor.

Irving Kolodin

Dangerous Days in the Middle East

At first glance the departure of several thousand Soviet military advisers from Egypt appears to be a plus for peace in the troubled Middle East. Let's hope so—but let's also recognize that the opposite could be the case.

There are a disturbing number of imponderables in the whole affair. Are all of the 15,000 or so Russians leaving, or are only some 4,000? If a significant number stay behind, manning antiaircraft missiles, flying fighter-bombers, and advising Egyptian units, then the withdrawal of one-third or one-fourth of the total force would be meaningless. As for those who are in fact leaving, were they pushed, or did they jump? That is, did President Anwar Sadat really expel them? Or was there mutual agreement between Moscow and Cairo that a token number should leave in order to appease Sadat's critics? They are unhappy that, despite the sizable Soviet presence, there still appeared little hope of defeating Israel.

If Sadat actually threw the Russians out without consulting Moscow, it could mean that Cairo has abandoned hope of regaining by force the territories lost to Israel in 1967. It could also mean that the possibility of a U.S.-Soviet confrontation in the Middle East has appreciably diminished.

Unfortunately, a very different interpretation is possible. Assuming that Sadat did give the Russians the heave-ho entirely on his own hook, it could mean that he was acting not only to appease his domestic critics but also to clear the decks for another round of fighting with Israel. Though the Soviet presence was in many ways an incendiary element, it helped to act also as a restraining leash on the Egyptians.

It may well turn out that the Russian exodus was wholly cosmetic, designed to help Sadat out of a tough internal situation. If that is the case, then the prospects for renewed war in the Middle East are no greater than before. Unfortunately, the same can be said of the prospects for peace.

Ronald P. Kriss

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

Genetic Engineering

BY JOHN V. TUNNEY
AND MELDON E. LEVINE

Do genes enjoy civil liberties? Who owns test-tube babies?

The cry has been raised by many that the impact of science has been too fruitful. It has been raised by some with regard to the nuclear sciences. It might well be reiterated in the near future with regard to the biomedical sciences.

The biomedical sciences have provided man with the increasing ability to modify and to alter human genes. These developments touch upon the most fundamental issues of human life. They portend the ability to reshape man.

Accepted attitudes about the inviolable nature of man's genetic endowment now stand challenged by science. The political impact of this challenge might be just as powerful as the scientific impact. Unless the potential provided by the biomedical sciences is properly understood, the inevitable social response might be fashioned out of fear. When complex problems appear too terrifying or mysterious, some people might seek simple solutions that prove inadequate or improper.

If people become sufficiently frightened—if they feel the need to be rescued from a menace they do not understand—they are more likely to delegate freedoms and less likely to respond with reason. If the polity responds to the scientific community through fear and mistrust, we could witness the erosion of our most precious freedoms. Political alteration—like genetic alteration—might be irreversible. If our personal liberty is ever lost, it might never be recovered.

Consequently, the most important and enduring of our freedoms are linked with the manner in which the biomedical sciences are understood and applied. The issues raised by the biomedical sciences must be exposed to public scrutiny. They must be discussed candidly, openly, and at once.

In approaching these issues, we the authors must of necessity wear several "hats." The first "hat," if you will, is a multifaceted one, fashioned around our own personal backgrounds—our social, philosophical, and ethical beliefs. The second "hat" is a legal one, obtained after studying the law and participating in it over a period of years. The third is a legislative one, obtained from the unique perspective to which we are exposed in helping to propose, evaluate, and create the laws of this land.

It is important to recognize that all political figures wear "hats" of this nature. They are all different, depending upon the individual background and experience of the person, but they influence him as he evaluates and determines policy, especially in an area as sensitive and as potentially explosive as genetic engineering.

Before we discuss the ethical, legal, or legislative view, however, it is important to set forth the most salient aspects of genetic engineering and to indicate our assessment of the state of the art in each of these aspects.

John V. Tunney is the junior senator from California. Mr. Levine, a lawyer, is his legislative assistant. This article is based on an address given by the senator at the California Institute of Technology.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABORTION AND AMNIOCENTESIS. The technique of amniocentesis—prenatal sampling of the amniotic fluid surrounding the fetus—is frequently used to provide advice on therapeutic abortions. The procedure is relatively safe, but we do not yet have the ability, with amniocentesis, to detect all genetic defects. Within five years most monogenic defects that we understand will be detectable thereby, but even then questions will remain unanswered as to whether amniocentesis affects the eventual intelligence of the child.

MASS GENETIC SCREENING. In this, too, we appear to be on the threshold. The technique is available for many diseases, although not for some others. However, it has already become evident that many people will oppose mass genetic screening—whether of children or adults—for a variety of personal reasons. Some feel it is an invasion of personal rights; others do not want children genetically defective to find out that they are so afflicted. Again, however, the technology is increasingly available.

MONOGENIC GENE THERAPY. Modification of certain cells in terms of their genes, or monogenic gene therapy, we have been advised, has not yet been performed successfully. It should, however, be a possibility for certain diseases within five years. As we gain more knowledge about monogenic defects, the possibility of monogenic gene therapy will become more of a reality in broader areas.

IN VITRO FERTILIZATION. Both in vitro fertilization and reimplantation in the uterus have been performed successfully in experimental animals. If the research in this area is not seriously inhibited by external controls, the technology for in vitro fertilization and for reimplantation in human beings should be available within five to ten years, or perhaps even earlier. Recently a Yugoslav scientist advised a conference in Tokyo that had developed an instrument for oöcyte (egg) transplant into the uterus.

CLONING. Cloning of frogs, where a replica of an individual is developed from one of its somatic cells, has already been successful. The technology for the cloning of mammals will be available within five years, and, unless research is stopped, the technology for the cloning of human beings might be available within anything from ten to twenty-five years.

POLYGENIC GENE THERAPY. We are very far away from achieving polygenic gene therapy—perhaps 50 to 100 years. Our understanding of polygenic gene defects still is extremely primitive. For a variety of reasons it is considerably more complicated to isolate and trace a polygenic trait than to isolate and trace a monogenic trait.

One of the most powerful arguments presented in favor of employing one or more of the technologies of genetic engineering in the direction of genetic intervention is that man's genetic load is increasing. In other words, the total number of genetic defects carried by man has been increasing. This has been occurring as a result of the increased mutation rate that accompanies population growth and the decreased natural selection rate occasioned by modern medicine and technology. About one child in twenty, for example, is now said to be born with a discernible genetic defect.

The question then arises: Should the human species attempt to employ these new technologies to deal with this increased genetic load? Paul Ramsey of Yale has stated that "it is no answer to say that changes are already taking place in humankind or that men are constantly modifying themselves by changes now consciously or unconsciously introduced. . . ." He argues, as a Protestant theologian, that scientific intervention in this area is a questionable human aspiration, as he puts it, "to Godhood." Regardless of the merits of Ramsey's position, the very vigor with which he defends it suggests the extent to which ethical issues are at stake.

The ethical questions raised by the possibilities implicit in genetic engineering are no less fundamental than the issues of free choice, the quality of life, the community of man, and the future of man himself. Thus, it becomes evident that one's own sense of ethics, one's personal view of right and wrong, one's own standard of conduct or moral code, are essential components of decision making in this extremely sensitive area.

Many political scientists like to believe that political decision making can be objectified, that a process can be delineated by which political decisions are made. Through such a process, it is assumed, decisions and actions can be predicted. The wisdom of these political scientists is questionable for a variety of reasons. One of the most important is the significant subjective component of political decision making—the large realm left to one's own values and ethics.

This realm affects all aspects of lawmaking. It is especially important in any political or even legal approach to genetic engineering. One's own values or ethics must inevitably be brought to bear upon a variety of important questions in this area, questions that can be evaluated only by subjective criteria. In an effort to rationalize some of the issues involved, we will attempt to draw some distinctions and to articulate some criteria for analysis. Some of these criteria have been suggested by others; some are our own. We suggest them not as a definitive list but as a reminder that it will be very important to apply criteria such as these to any legislative or legal analysis of the implications of genetic engineering.

Any scientific or technical initiatives of one generation that would eliminate the options of future generations should be avoided.

Let us posit a list of ten general considerations suggesting possible ethical distinctions:

First, if we are to engage in any eugenics, negative or positive, we must confront three vital questions that pervade this entire subject: What traits are to be considered desirable? Who is to make that determination? When in the course of human development will the choice be made? These questions cannot be underestimated in their importance to the future of man, particularly when we are considering biological alternatives that might not be reversible.

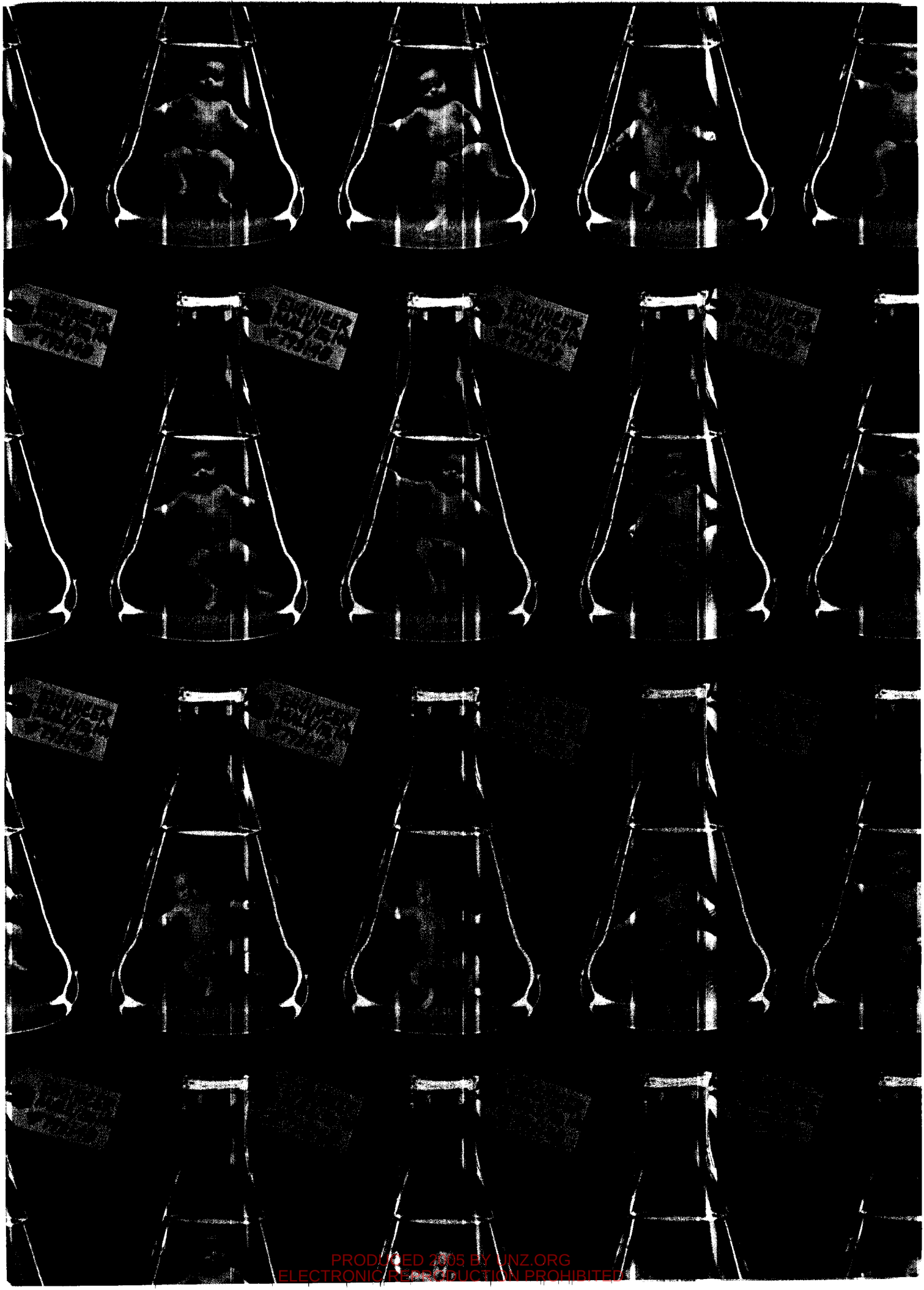
Second, we must ask whether the genetic engineering or "improvement" of man would affect the degree of diversity among men. Does it presume a concept of "optimum" man? Is diversity important as a goal in itself? Does —or should—man seek an "optimum," or does he seek a "unique"? What would the quest for an "optimum" do for our sense of tolerance of the imperfect? Is "tolerance" a value to be cherished?

Third, we should consider whether it might be appropriate to delineate different biological times or moments—at least in humans—during which experimentation might occur. Do different ethical considerations apply if we attempt to distinguish between experimentation on an unfertilized sperm or egg, a fertilized sperm or egg, a fetus, an infant, a child, or an adult? Might the factors to be balanced in making a decision as to whether experimentation is proper vary at different stages of human development?

Fourth, is there a workable difference between, on the one hand, genetic "therapy" to correct genetic factors known to cause somatic disease and, on the other hand, genetic "engineering," defined as techniques to alter man in terms of some parameters other than somatic disease? Might it be appropriate to attempt such a distinction in definitions in this emotionally charged area? Might the term "genetic therapy" evoke less emotionally charged reactions than the term

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN KAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"genetic engineering"? Might it, in fact, be preferable to respond more receptively to those areas of genetic work that are primarily "therapeutic"? Or is such a distinction unworkable?

Fifth, it would seem to be advisable to ask whether a particular technique or technology is devised for the therapeutic treatment of an individual or whether it is designed to have a broader societal impact. This potential distinction has a variety of ramifications. For example, it should be asked whether techniques developed for the therapy of an individual patient automatically diffuse into the general public for purposes other than this therapy. Are physicians operationally capable of restricting the use to one group, or does societal pressure make them semiautomatic dispensers of seemingly desirable technologies?

Sixth, we might ask whether any eugenics program—whether positive or negative, voluntary or compulsory—does not imply a certain attitude toward "normalcy," toward a proper norm for human activity and behavior, and toward expectations with regard to the behavior of future generations of human beings. Implicit in this question are distinctions with regard to positive versus negative eugenics programs and also with regard to compulsory versus voluntary eugenics programs.

Seventh, how are words such as "normal," "abnormal," "health," "disease," and "improvement" defined? Are they words that can be operationally used to determine what should be done in the area of genetic engineering?

Eighth, we must ask if the quest for genetic improvement would be continuous. Would it invariably make all children "superior" to their parents? What would be the social consequences of this? Would it institutionalize generation gaps and isolate communities by generations?

Ninth, we should consider whether the institutionalization of a quest for genetic improvement of man is likely to lead to his perception of himself as lacking any worth in the state in which he is. What does this do to the concept of the dignity of the human being in his or her own right, regardless of some "index of performance"?

Tenth, if we have a well-developed ability to perform genetic therapy as an assault upon certain diseases but such therapy is not available for all who have the affliction or who desire the "cure," the question will immediately arise as to how to determine which patients will receive it. Are some classes or groups of people more desirable patients or more worthy of treatment? How will selection be made? By what criteria will those decisions be reached?

Questions such as these ten can be answered only by appealing to ethical, or so-called moral, arguments. When we enter this realm, it is important to remember that no one has a greater claim to wisdom than anyone else. All men have a stake in this area, and all men have a right to be heard.

We would like to offer three additional thoughts that might affect all of the ethical judgments involved. Two are caveats, and one might be a preliminary guide for analysis.

The two caveats are reminders of the imprecision of measurement and the difficulty of meaningful analysis in this area. As for the imprecision of measurement (caveat number one), Ramsey states that "many or most of the proposals we are examining are exercises in 'what to do when you don't know the names of the variables.'" While that might be somewhat harsh, he is accurate in his suggestion that prediction of behavior or even of most genetic disease will be very difficult, owing not only to polygenic factors but also to such other imponderables as pinpointing a recessive trait in its heterozygous state and predicting the influence of environmental factors.

The second caveat is the difficulty of meaningful analysis. Some values we will be asked to compare will be like comparing apples and oranges. How can one, for example, compare the possible deep satisfaction experienced by an infertile woman carrying and bearing a child that was fertilized in vitro and reimplanted in her uterus with the 1 or 2 or 5 per cent chance that the child will be deformed? In measuring eugenic traits to be cherished, how can one compare intelligence (even assuming it can be defined) with love?

In making genetic choices—and in selecting those who will make them—one should not forget such caveats.

The last of these attempts at ethical classification is an effort to ask the question of just where in the broad field of genetic engineering the ethical issues will arise. At what level in the process? Professor Abram Chayes of Harvard Law School has suggested that at least three levels can be discerned at which the questions posed above might arise:

First, the general level of research. Should research be pursued that might lead to technologies that will give science the genetic capability to engineer human beings?

Second, the level of treating human disease. Questions will, of course, be raised as to what exactly is a disease—and how it is defined. (Should socially undesirable or disruptive behavior be treated as an illness? Are some forms of mental illness proper candidates for genetic therapy?) Even assuming that those questions can be answered, ethical considerations will arise with regard to whether the disease should be treated with a newly available genetic technique.

In measuring eugenic traits to be cherished, how can one compare intelligence (even assuming it can be defined) with love?

Third, the broad level of attempting to affect society—the level of what some will consider an improvement of the human species.

These levels overlap to some degree with the questions we have already raised, and it appears clear that the ethical pressures that will be directed against the continuation of the activity will become increasingly strong as we move from the first to the second and then to the third level. While these considerations by no means exhaust the ethical realm, they do suggest the enormity of the problems with which we are attempting to deal. Perhaps the attempt—however primitive—at ethical classification might also offer the lawyer some general guidance.

It might be asked, for example, whether there are legal as well as ethical distinctions between negative and positive eugenics. Are there legal differences between an attempt, on the one hand, to treat an individual for disease by either monogenic or polygenic gene therapy and an attempt, on the other hand, to control behavior or otherwise alter society's norms? Does it matter—legally—at what point in the state of human development the therapy or the engineering is conducted: whether in the stage of birth control, in the realm of abortion, in treating a minor or an adult? Does it matter—legally—how the therapy or the engineering is conducted, whether it is voluntary or compulsory, whether for punitive or eugenic reasons, or whether the physician has freely and openly obtained the consent of the patient?

Clearly, these distinctions ought to be important—legally as well as ethically. They touch upon fundamental and traditional legal principles, principles that have been applied in Anglo-American jurisprudence for a number of years. They offer the lawyer a variety of factors that will help in his analysis.

Law, at least in the United States, can be said to operate on three broad tiers or levels. First, we have constitutional law, or the legal framework set forth by the Constitution of the United States and by the courts in interpreting the Constitution. Second, we have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statutory law, or law that is enacted by statute—either of a state or of the federal government. No statute can contravene a constitutional requirement. But, in the absence of a constitutional prohibition or pre-emption, federal and state legislatures can enact statutory standards to respond to a variety of needs, such as those that arise in the areas of health and welfare. Third, in the absence of a controlling constitutional or statutory provision, the courts rely upon the body of law known as the common law—those legal principles that have emerged from judicial decisions. The issues raised by the technology of genetic engineering affect constitutional, statutory, and common-law principles. We shall briefly consider each of these legal tiers.

At least three constitutional factors clearly emerge when one considers the general subject of genetic engineering. The first is the right to privacy. The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution declares that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . ." This language has been interpreted to guarantee to the individual a constitutional right of privacy. Genetic engineering raises questions with regard to the extent and inviolability of that right. The second factor involves the rights protected in the Fifth and Fourteenth amendments, which guarantee that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Third, and perhaps the most important factor that the Constitution brings to bear upon genetic engineering, is the *approach* of constitutional law—the method of analysis that courts have developed for dealing with constitutional issues. Apart from the technicalities inherent in whether state action is or is not involved—a threshold question in any constitutional analysis—constitutional law requires the government to show a more compelling governmental need when the abridgment of fundamental freedoms is involved.

Let us take two examples. Contrast, for instance, a government-sponsored compulsory program of negative eugenics, designed to eliminate a certain genetic disease, with a government-sponsored compulsory program of positive eugenics, designed to control behavior. As both programs are compulsory, both could infringe the fundamental freedom of procreation and possibly of marriage. However, compelling state interest could be advanced as a more legitimate argument in eliminating a disease rather than in controlling or altering behavior. The eradication of disease has long been accepted as a vital social objective. We do not offer this dichotomy in an effort to support the negative eugenics program. In fact, we would probably oppose it. But we do think that a constitutional analysis of the two approaches would bring different factors into being and might yield different results in the two cases.

To move from constitutional law to statutory law, it should be noted at the outset that a variety of statutes in numerous American jurisdictions have attempted to impose eugenics controls. Professor William Vukowich of Georgetown has written: "In the early 1900s, many states enacted laws that prohibited marriage by criminals, alcoholics, imbeciles, feebleminded persons, and the insane. Today most states prohibit marriage by persons with venereal disease but only a few states have laws which are similar to those of the early 1900s. Washington and North Dakota, however, still prohibit marriage by women under forty-five and men of any age, unless they marry women over forty-five, if they are an imbecile, insane, a habitual criminal, a common drunkard, feebleminded or [a] person who has . . . been afflicted with hereditary insanity."

A number of the more recent developments in the field of genetic engineering, however, go entirely unregulated. Sperm banks—which may be used as a reserve of sperm for artificial insemination by third-party donors, for example—are an excellent example of institutions for which pertinent statutes do not exist. Their administration is entirely up to the persons operating them.

That is an instance in which our third legal tier, the tier of the common law, must be our guide. In the absence of constitutional or statutory guidance, we must turn to the common law for our standards. Here again the law is neither silent nor comprehensive. It falls somewhere in between. Assume this set of possibilities: Amniocentesis is an everyday practice, held by most doctors to be free of harmful effects such as infection. A woman who has not been offered amniocentesis gives birth to a Mongoloid child. Is her obstetrician liable for malpractice?

Common-law tort principles of malpractice would probably hold that the doctor would, in fact, be liable. This is so because the common law in determining negligence tends to follow whatever is the accepted medical practice for a particular community. But is this a viable solution? Would it be appropriate to require amniocentesis even if the mother—or the doctor—has strong religious convictions that preclude consideration of an abortion under any circumstances? What about offering amniocentesis under those circumstances? And what about the legal rights of an egg that has been fertilized and grown in a test tube? Does the *father* have any rights? What rights does the *mother* have? Or the doctor? Do common-law tort or property rights apply to this question?

However one evaluates these issues, they must be faced. If one does not wish to face them with the exclusive guidance of the common law, the result will be the consideration of new legislation. To the extent that current law is inadequate, legislation must be developed.

In considering the possibility that legislation must be developed, we both are painfully aware of the potential inadequacy of the legal and the legislative processes in responding to issues presented by science. In the area of genetic engineering, science may be outpacing the legal and legislative processes. It may be presenting challenges to which our lawyers and legislators are ill-equipped to respond. Our legislative system may be poorly equipped to respond to these problems because of at least two inherent difficulties: its speed and its scope.

Our legislative process generally works slowly. Sen. Walter Mondale, for example, first introduced legislation that called for a commission to study the effects of genetic engineering almost five years ago. That bill passed the Senate unanimously last year, but it has not yet been acted upon by the House of Representatives. Just initiating a study commission on so momentous a subject has already, then, taken longer than five years.

Not only is our political system slow. It is, obviously, only national in scope. Generally, that is not a significant problem to the people in Washington who are considering various legislative proposals. Most proposals are only national in scope—or less. Genetic engineering, however, is clearly a matter of international concern. It will require, if any controls or guidelines are to be effectively suggested, international agreements. This also will serve as a political or legislative constraint.

Recognizing these constraints, we still believe that certain constructive steps can be taken—steps that will begin to offer legislative rationalization to the field. If the legislative system begins to consider these problems now, it might be possible to respond politically and legislatively before it is too late.

Conversely, we fear the consequences that could be wrought if informed legislative consideration of the issues inherent in genetic engineering does not soon begin. If the legislation comes as a result of dramatic scientific breakthroughs that scare the public, the outcome might be hasty and unwise political decisions predicated

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon inadequate information and upon fear. If debates and discussions begin now, however, the ultimate legislation might emanate from deliberate and reasoned political, social, and scientific analysis. We do not believe that, at this point, it would be appropriate to suggest answers to the momentous issues raised by genetic engineering. But we do believe that we know enough to undertake certain legislative initiatives. Let us suggest three.

First, Congress should enact the Mondale bill [S. J. Res. 75], which provides for a study and evaluation of the ethical, social, and legal implications of advances in biomedical research and technology. The proposed study commission might serve as a preliminary vehicle for educating the public about the foreseeable social consequences of biological advances. Such a commission might best be an international one, but that is logically a second step.

Second, and perhaps equally important, is the initiation of technology assessment in all institutions that disburse funds, direct research, or provide grants that are related to biomedical concerns. It has long been obvious that technological developments have implications that affect society in a variety of ways and that their impact cannot be limited to an analysis of the technical aspects of the product or of the innovation. Similarly, the myriad implications of the developments of biomedical research reach out to all segments of society. Technological assessment should be a part of any analysis of any project that involves a potentially new biomedical development.

Third, it might be appropriate for Congress to earmark a small proportion of health research funds (say one-quarter or one-half of 1 per cent) for research into possible social consequences of biological technologies either presently available or foreseeable.

It is not only the legislature, however, that can initiate improvement in communication between the scientific community and the general public as well as expansion of public awareness of and concern with these issues. Four other suggestions might be worthy of consideration:

First, private foundations should be urged to initiate programs to bridge presently existing gaps between the sciences and the humanities, exposing people in each area to people in the other, and making the ideas of each readily available and understandable to the other.

Second, universities should consider establishing additional programs whereby students in the humanities would be exposed to the methodologies familiar to those in the scientific disciplines, and vice versa. The two general groups should feel a closer relation to and understanding of each other in universities as well as elsewhere. The effective separation of these two groups in universities—particularly at the graduate level, but even at the undergraduate level—establishes a line of demarcation between those in the sciences and those in the humanities, with very inadequate and narrow bridges to unite the two general areas.

Third, research proposals in the biological area should perhaps be assessed by institutional research review committees that include nonscientists. Some form of technological assessment, in other words, or consideration of the ethical, moral, and social implications of biological projects—by nonscientists—should be considered at the level of all research proposals in this general area.

Fourth, it might be appropriate for the medical profession itself to study the ways in which the technologies it uses for the benefit of individual patients may affect society as a whole if used for purposes other than the cure of individual patients. The "individual treatment versus social engineering" dichotomy should be considered clearly and carefully by the medical profession and should probably be emphasized more strongly than it currently is.

These efforts to bring society and the biomedical sciences closer together are, in our opinion, essential. Dr. Andre Hellegers, director of the Joseph and Rose Kennedy Institute for the Study of Human Reproduction and Bioethics of Georgetown University, has testified before the Senate that "nothing could be worse than that society should come to fear scientific progress. . . . I can foresee that the occasional, seemingly sensational, scientific episode will so frighten society as to undermine the very support [that] science needs in order to continue to make contributions to improve the lot of mankind. . . . It is high time that there be started an educative process that explains to the country the precise nature and limitations of the scientific process and the place it occupies in man's control of his environment. . . . No segment can stand apart in this interdependent society. If it attempts to do so, it is bound to cease being supported. The sooner the relationship of science to society is examined and explained for all to see, the better it will be both for science and for society."

This testimony touches upon two very important facts of American political life, neither of which should be forgotten. First is the theory of political accountability; if the public supports something financially, the public is entitled to know what it is that it is supporting. Second is the foundation of political democracy; thoughts, suggestions, proposals, and policies should be scrutinized in the market place of ideas. Political debate and public discussion are healthy and are conducive to the best analysis of any position. Particularly in an area as fraught with subjectivity as this one, it is vital that the issues raised be aired, discussed, and debated. We are dealing in an area in which there is no monopoly of expertise. Rather, it is a field in which men trained in a variety of different areas, or even in no special area, bring to bear their own unique perspective, or, if you will, "expertise." We are dealing with a subject in which morality, or one's own subjective sense of ethics, is pervasive. We are, therefore, dealing with an area in which all persons have a right and a special claim to be heard.

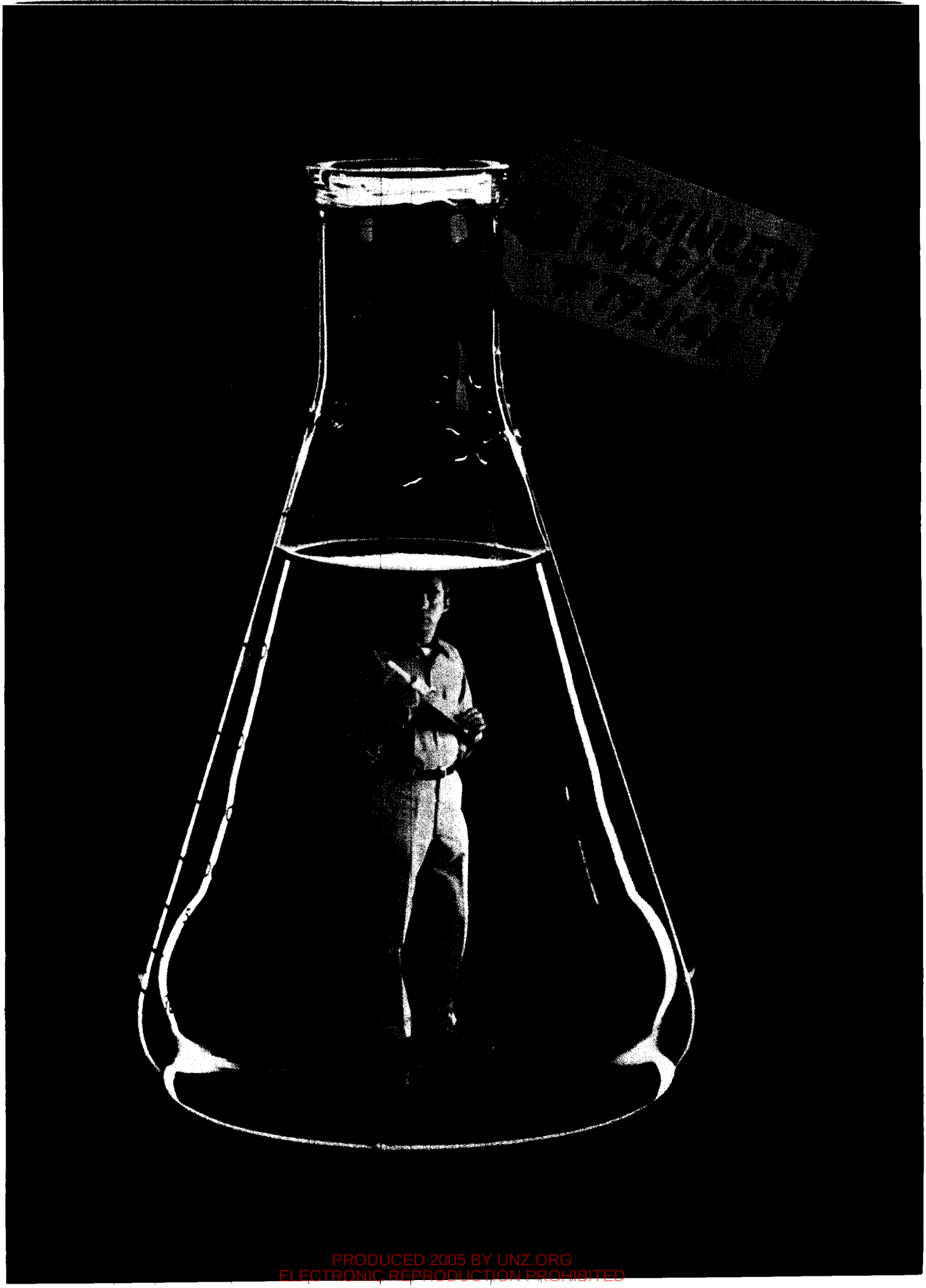
What about the legal rights of an egg that has been fertilized and grown in a test tube? Does the *father* have any rights? The *mother*?

There are certain suggestions that we would offer in any debate on this subject. We would suggest that among the values that man ought to protect most fully are the values of humility, of compassion, of diversity, and of skepticism. We would suggest that any scientific or technical initiatives of one generation that would foreclose or eliminate the options of future generations—any decision today that implies an ability to predict the human traits that will be most cherished tomorrow—smacks of arrogance and should be avoided. We would suggest that man should exercise the utmost caution in this sensitive field and that decisions that will be genetically irreversible might require a wisdom we do not possess. We would also suggest that there is no reason why the ethics or morality of any one of us is better than that of any other. In the realm of morality each of us has an equal claim to wisdom.

Therefore, the issues raised by the biomedical scientists must be debated, and the debate must begin now. If we postpone debate in this area, we might face irreversible trends not only in genetics but also in political freedoms.

All segments of society should be involved in the debate these new technologies demand. The techniques must be discussed and debated among lawyers, doctors, theologians, legislators, scientists, journalists, and all other segments of society. The issues raised require interdisciplinary attention. We cannot begin too soon to consider them. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YEAR OF THE FLEA

BY DAVID HENDIN

As the humidity inches past 70 per cent and the summer temperature hovers near 80°, fleas begin to lay their eggs. A female may lay up to 500 eggs in a period of four months. Late every summer, it all adds up to a lot of fleas. This year, entomologists and veterinarians warn, may be even worse—or better, depending on whether you are a mammal, a bird, or a flea. Better for the flea, worse for mammals and birds.

The flea is a pest, a parasite, a bloodsucker. It is a circus performer, a mass murderer, a tormenter of animals. The flea is an insect, a tiny one.

Ctenocephalides canis is the dog flea, *Ctenocephalides felis* is the cat flea, *Pulex irritans* is the human flea, and so on down the line through almost every mammal and some birds. Each has a flea of its own. Although many fleas have been named for the type of animal upon which they were first discovered, they are not found exclusively on these animals. Thus the cat flea is, in fact, most commonly found on dogs. Both cat and dog fleas, as well as the human variety, also are likely to infest houses.

Scientists are in conflict as to how much time the flea actually spends on its host animal. The traditional viewpoint is that fleas hop on—they neither walk nor fly—and ride for about 10 per cent of their lives, doing so only to snatch a free blood meal and to copulate. On animals, fleas are highly irritating and may cause the dog or cat to resort to self-mutilation in an effort to relieve the agony. Pets may even develop infections and allergic rashes due to fleabite.

But while fleas most frequently make pests of themselves on the family pets, they can be just as bothersome to the family. And if you have a dog or cat—or both—this is where you may well come into the picture.

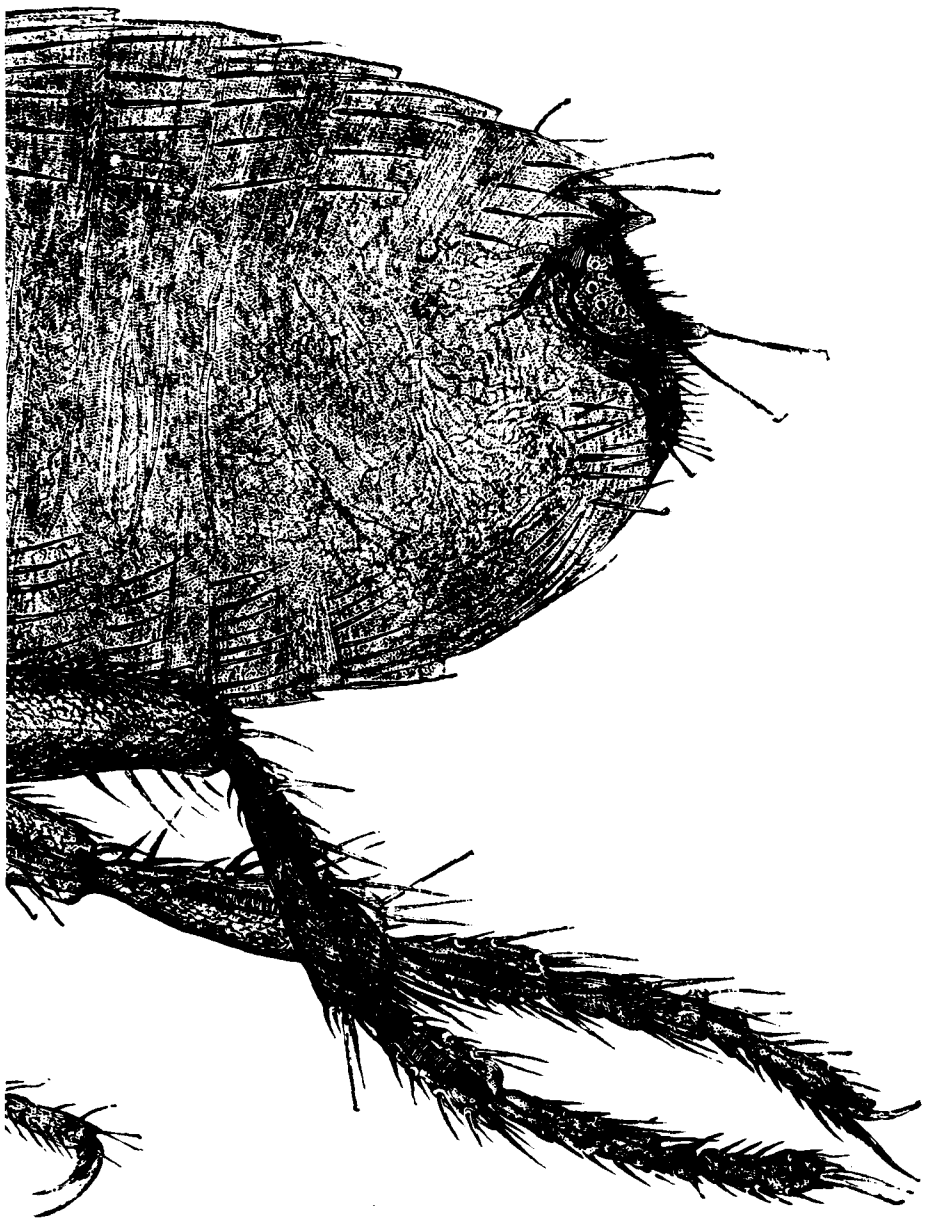
When a pet's owners go on summer vacation, for example, they may board their dog in a kennel. During the family's absence, hungry fleas wait in the rug and around the house. When the family returns after a few weeks, they often wait until the next day to pick up their pet from the kennel. They would be wiser, however, to send the animal into the house first, for the fleas will be so hungry that they won't wait until the following day for the return of the pet. They will jump on the nearest living thing, and, if that living thing is you, you will become flea-bitten. In Arabic countries unemployed menials used to be sent into every room of an unused house to attract the fleas before others entered. In some of this country's southern states, sheep have been used for the same purpose.

But these methods have fallen into disuse, and every summer veterinarians and insect specialists receive dozens of calls from individuals whose homes have become flea-infested. When fleas bite humans frequently, they can produce irritation and allergic rashes, according to Dr. Grover Cloyd, the director of veterinary medicine for the A.H. Robins Company in Richmond,

---

David Hendin is an award-winning science journalist whose stories and columns are nationally syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Virginia, and one of the world's foremost authorities on fleas. "Flea bites are often mistaken for chiggers' or mosquitoes'," he says.

Fleas are also important vectors of certain diseases, some of which affect humans. They may carry dog, cat, and rat tapeworms and an endemic form of typhus. They also may carry pasturella infection—the Black Death or bubonic plague that was rampant in Europe for three centuries, killing hundreds of thousands of people.

The reason that a bumper crop of fleas is expected this summer is that flea populations tend to run in two-year cycles. In addition, last year we had a moist, warm Indian summer and a mild winter—"great for fleas," according to Cloyd.

The logical question that now arises (for ourselves as well as for our pets) is, How can we control these creatures that the Romans thought were animated dust or dirt? Not only do fleas irritate, but scientists contend that the possibility always exists that fleas may again spur epidemics of some highly infectious disease. Since fleas live both on and off their host, control is not a simple matter. One early method of flea control consisted of dipping the infected animal into a mixture of pine-tar derivatives. Such treatment did a lot to irritate the dog or cat but was not too hard on the flea. After the dips came soaps, shampoos, powders, and sprays.

Although all these methods kill fleas —some authorities still recommend dusting an infected home with pesticide powders—they are not the best long-term methods of control. The problems with all of these methods, aside from the mess and potential poisoning dangers, is that they are rather fleeting in their effect. "You have to apply them every few days to keep the pressure on the fleas," Cloyd says. The Virginia veterinarian adds that this is "like trying to starve a dog in a meathouse, but taking his muzzle off overnight."

At any rate, dogs and cats are virtually "walking flea collectors," explains University of Georgia research parasitologist Ulrich Kalkofen. Every time they go out they can pick up another infestation.

The best way to kill fleas may be to help the dog or cat itself be the exterminator. This, indeed, is just what has been accomplished by the flea collar, which Cloyd helped to develop. The plastic collars, first produced by the Robins Company, are impregnated with DDVP, trademarked Vapona. It is the same chemical used in the controversial Shell No-Pest Strip, but the strip has more than ten times the gas-generating power of the collars. Flea collars work so well on pets because the fleas must have moisture every day. They obtain this moisture by drinking from the animal's mouth, nose, or eyes, and they must get to these places via the neck—thus passing the lethal collar.

DDVP is not a persistent pesticide; it is quickly broken up into harmless components by water. Kevin Shea, scientific director of the Committee for Environmental Information in St. Louis—whose *Environment* magazine has blasted the No-Pest Strips—says the collars seem to be safe because of the tiny amount of the pesticide they contain and the fact that the animal wearing them is always in motion, thus keeping the vapors from building up. A rare situation may arise, however, in which a dog, cat, or child is allergic to either the plastic collar or the DDVP, just as some children are allergic to brands of nail polish, soap, or hair spray. If this is the case, alternate methods of flea control should be used.

One final question that we might ask, in this age of ecological awareness, is, What is the flea's place in nature? The answer, experts say, is that in nature the flea is a parasite that joins other parasites in placing a burden upon booming canine and feline populations, thus controlling them through biological means.

Helpful in nature, no doubt, but in the home the flea is a nuisance we can do without. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK LAB POWER

BY JACK SHEPHERD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN COBER

Not long ago a black doctor drove his car into the basement garage of an Ivy League university's large, urban medical center. As he walked from the garage to the subbasement, he noticed that most of the people there were blacks and Puerto Ricans. He walked to the basement level, and still most of them were blacks and Puerto Ricans. The higher he got in the building, however, the fewer blacks and Puerto Ricans he saw. By the time he reached the labs on the upper floors, there wasn't a black or Puerto Rican face in sight.

This doctor had just discovered a scientific fact: Black faces in white lab coats are rare. Science, like the Mafia, has not been an equal opportunity employer and educator.

From 1876 to 1969 only 614 black Americans received their Ph.D.s in science. No American black has won the Nobel Prize in science; only one black is a member of the National Academy of Science.

Medicine has been especially backward. In the 1960s, for one example, Cornell University's medical college graduated almost 900 doctors. Only two were American blacks.

Black doctors are desperately needed. In some areas of New York City, for example, there is one private doctor for every 200 persons. But in the city's black ghettos, the ratio is one for every 12,000. While one white in 560 gets a medical doctor's degree, only one black in 3,800 becomes a doctor. And of the 40,238 students enrolled in the 101 U.S. medical colleges during the academic year 1970/71, only 1,692 were black. The two predominantly black medical schools, Howard and Meharry, accounted for almost half of this number. The same low ratio applies to dentists, and it is even lower for veterinarians.

One problem is finding black children who are interested in science; another is holding their interest through the long, tough academic grind to a degree. Too many blacks go to inner-city schools, where education runs a distant second to discipline, or to rural schools with poor facilities. Today, however, this is slowly changing, largely because of a nationwide network of programs to get more minority kids fired up over science and to train them for biomedical careers.

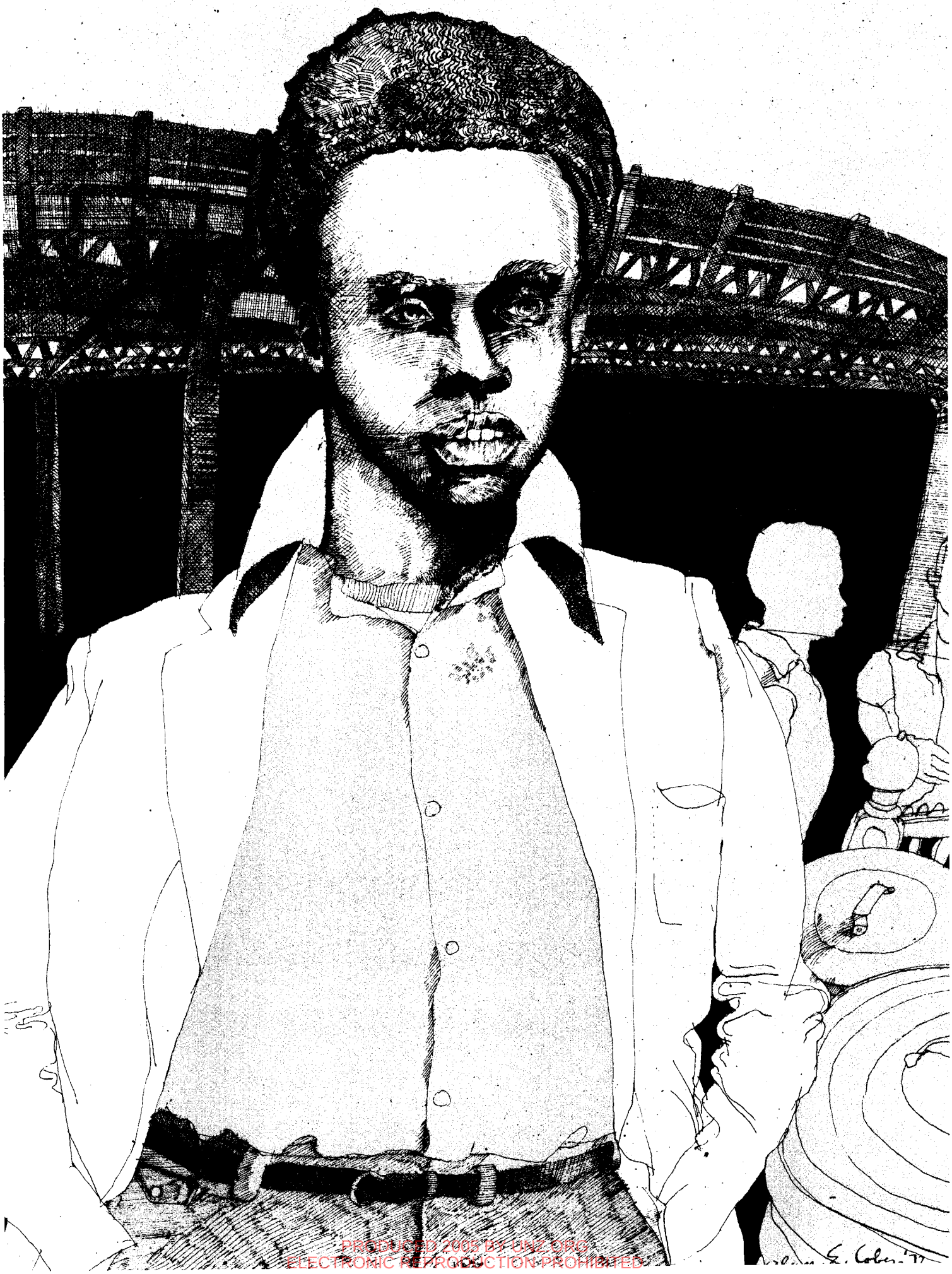
One of the best programs—one that has just become a prototype for a national effort to train kids for science careers—began in August 1968 at the University of Pennsylvania. Several faculty members, on their own, had taken bright black kids into their labs for work experience, paying them with money from grants for low-level technicians. Dean Alfred Gellhorn of the university's medical school put together a faculty committee, headed by Dr. Helen C. Davies, assistant professor of microbiology, to start a special program for minority kids to take a look at what a biomedical career might be like. A recent university poll showed that 79 of 100 major colleges were actively seeking black students but were having difficulty finding enough kids who met their academic requirements. "That made it imperative to identify students in high school and early college who have the potential," said Dr. Davies, "but who, for financial reasons or lack of confidence in their abilities, might not even go on to college. Also, many high school and college students are unaware of health careers and don't take the necessary subjects to prepare themselves for this field."

The High School Education Program at the University of Pennsylvania—thankfully shortened to HEP-UP—

Jack Shepherd, a former assistant managing editor at *Look* and associate editor at *Newsweek*, is now a freelance writer.

"People on my street know me as the dude in the white coat who does research at the university. Wearing that coat gives me a sense of accomplishment and my family a sense of pride."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

started with thirty students, ten from each of the three big high schools near the university: West Philadelphia High School, John Bartram High School, and the notorious Benjamin Franklin High School, perhaps the toughest school in the worst ghetto in the city. "We asked counselors and high school teachers to screen for students showing high motivation and not necessarily high achievement," said Jim Rude, who coordinates the HEP-UP program. "We were looking for the somewhat low achiever who might have high science grades with a lower average in other areas of his or her curriculum. Also, we were extremely interested in those students who turned on to a particular area or felt a strong need to become a doctor and give greater medical care to the black community."

The Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation put up the money for a three-year grant, and HEP-UP became a work-study program, with the students working ten hours a week at $1.60 an hour during the school year and up to $2 an hour during the summer. Also, Dr. Davies and the faculty committee went looking for sponsors at the Penn medical, dental, and veterinary schools. Some volunteered readily. Others were deeply skeptical, for the program at Penn emphasized that these black kids would be potential scientific investigators, not mere lab help, and the sponsors would have to work them into their lab projects and challenge them.

One professor grumbled: "I can't bring a kid in here who's a junior or senior in high school, for Godsake, and expect him to be creative in two or three months! I can't even do that with my graduate students. We can't expect kids to come in and solve major research problems. Few of my best graduate students can solve problems."

But there were surprises, and over the next year or so, some black kids turned some faculty members around:

• Tom Robertson began work that first year in the School of Veterinary Medicine. He impressed his sponsor with his work in open chest surgery with dogs and pigs and with his use of complex physiological and analytical apparatus. But Tom Robertson also came from a poor family in a run-down neighborhood. His white lab coat, which he wore home, became a symbol. "People on my street know me as the dude in the white jacket who does research at the University of Pennsylvania," he told Dr. Davies. "Wearing that coat gives me a sense of accomplishment and my family a sense of pride." Tom is now a premed student at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia.

• Francis Thomas got into the Department of Ophthalmology in the School of Medicine and started working with chick embryo fibroblasts. He learned the techniques and equipment of gas-liquid and infrared chromatography, polarimetry, thin-layer chromatography, and electron-microscopy used to photograph viruses. He's now at Morgan State as a premed.

• Her first year Dhana Lynn Knight worked with Dr. Saul Winegard in the Department of Physiology, studying the effects of various inorganic compounds on frog muscles. Before HEP-UP Dhana Knight was going to apply to a small upstate Pennsylvania college and major in history, but the people she met in her lab encouraged her to apply to Vassar. She did and got a full scholarship. Now she's a predental student.

During the summer of 1970 Dhana returned to Penn and worked in the hematology lab in the university hospital with Dr. Harold Wurzel. She learned lab techniques and performed such clinical tests as red-blood-cell counts, sedimentation rates, clotting times, and sickle-cell anemia analysis. She also made rounds in the wards, collecting blood samples. During the 1971/72 academic year at Vassar, Miss Knight did clinic work on a project in the black community of Poughkeepsie, where she tested for sickle-cell anemia.

• Doug Porter went to Benjamin Franklin High in Philadelphia's worst slum. When he got to HEP-UP as a high school senior, he worked in a lab on Physomycetes mutants. He also made suggestions for tests on the mutants that were greeted with, "Well, we don't do it that way." Doug tried anyway and discovered nine new mutants that have been named after him. Now he's in his second year as a premed student at Brandeis University and wants to become a neurosurgeon.

Not all the stories are success stories, however. "One year," said a sponsor, "we got kids we couldn't reach or who just didn't have the potential."

Some of them were too filled with tension and hatred to work in any situation. A lab, with its pace and inquiry —not to mention frustrations—turned some kids off. "A kid walks in, and he sees all that equipment, and zow! He asks, 'What did I get myself into?' " said Jim Rude. "It's a real white world he hasn't seen before. Some kids bombed out and had to be replaced. But we also saw that as those kids who stayed got more excited, the lab sponsor turned on, also."

"I felt I'd never done anything with

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We are showing the medical schools and graduate schools that minority students can be competitive."

kids like this before," said Dr. Paul Montgomery, assistant professor of microbiology. He took Winona Valentine, a shy, bright girl from John Bartram High School, into his immunology lab at Penn's School of Dental Medicine and Center for Oral Health Research. "I really wanted to know kids like this, what was on their minds. My feeling was that it was chancy to bring in high school students wanting to know more about science and research. But, I thought, this is a way of telling them what the field is like. I feel kids should understand what's involved in a lab.

"We found that some of these kids didn't know how to talk to a white person. There were communication problems. These kids really had been only in the black environment."

Dr. Montgomery taught Winona his lab's procedure a step at a time. He gave her responsibility for the lab's library, stocking the paper towels, and filling bottles with distilled water. He talked with her a lot: How did she feel about the lab? How were her studies in high school? How was her lab work going? He also introduced Winona to Cherie Campbell, one of his lab technicians and a recent Penn State graduate. That chemistry worked.

"Winona took an interest at once," said Cherie. "She definitely knows what she's doing." Soon Dr. Montgomery was glowing: "She's the kind of person you can give responsibility to. It's beautiful. I can give her more and more responsibility, and she does well."

Now Winona is a sophomore at Muhlenberg College. This summer she helps Cherie inject rabbits with pneumococcus, and Winona uses the centrifuge, calculates normalities, prepares solutions, and checks pHs without hesitation.

"When I was in high school, I felt like I would never make it in chemistry," Winona said. "I started working at Penn in November 1970. I put together the library, and cleaned and dried plates, and did gram staining. This summer I'm working with antigen. I've never done that before. In fact, I wasn't familiar with the kind of stuff I am now. Now I think maybe I'll do this the rest of my life. I may go on and major in chemistry. I like chemistry better than anything."

Other kids have carried the excitement of their HEP-UP lab work back to college with them. "Science was something I always liked better than anything else," said Julius Dean. His high school counselor knew Dr. Davies and asked Julius if he would be interested in working in a lab at Penn and getting paid for it. "I said I definitely would be. I was interested in science, and by that time I had to have some idea of where to go with it."

Julius started out in the Department of Microbiology, studying DNA transformation in Hemophilus influenza and working with scintillation counters, radioactive labeling, and general centrifuge and pipetting procedures. The next year he worked with a graduate student testing the minimum essential nutritional requirements of mouse fibroblast cells. He learned to use basic tissue-culturing and dissecting techniques.

The summer before his freshman year at Cornell, Julius worked in the Department of Medicine at Penn on esophageal monometric studies on human patients and pharmacological studies using the sphincter area of the canine esophagus. Last summer he worked in Penn's Department of Molecular Biology at the School of Veterinary Medicine, where he studied the ATP content of frog muscles. And this summer Julius is doing original research on misdirected responses in frogs in the anatomy department of the School of Medicine. He's performing skin grafts on tadpoles at a specific stage of development and will test their CNS response after they mature, one hopes, before he has to go back to college. "I'm putting to use at Cornell what I'm doing here," said Julius. "I'm expanding on what I cover and on the things I've learned."

At the Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, Dr. M. Raja Iyengar, associate professor of biochemistry and animal biology, has been a HEP-UP sponsor since 1968. Tom Robertson started in his lab. Dr. Iyengar is gentle and vigilant with his students. He allows them several weeks to look around the labs, watch the veterinary students dissect animals, and even scrub up and observe surgery. Then the student "gauges what interests him and gets to work."

"But there's a problem with some of these kids," said Dr. Iyengar, "and that's reading and verbalizing. A large number could also use help with math." So Dr. Iyengar also tutors his students. Most afternoons after school, the kids work in labs where, as he understates it, "they may learn something. Another afternoon I give them help in school problems—chemistry, math, physics. Very few seem to have problems in biology."

Tutoring is basic to HEP-UP's concept. Twice a year Jim Rude got Penn undergraduates, and dental and medical students, to tutor these kids. He found, to his surprise, that the tutoring provided an extra link with the kids' lab and gave some a much-needed close, personal attention.

Take Marcellus Boggs.

Hiding in corners of ghetto schools, on the penumbra of education, are kids like Marcellus Boggs. His vice principal at John Bartram High had picked another kid to get into HEP-UP. But that student got sick, and at the last minute Marcellus took his place—eager but diffident. Dr. Davies remembers him as "a very quiet, tense individual who was seemingly very unsure of himself."

During his junior year in high school, Marcellus joined Dr. Allan Beer in the university hospital's Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. He worked on skin grafts done on rats and learned to prepare slides in the use of the microtome. But his interest waned, and he was shifted into a lab with Dr. James Shelborne in a cardiac catheterization group. There he observed work on computing cardiac output using dye dilution methods. He developed film for the EKG machine, attended staff conferences, and admitted that he liked being "in contact with people instead of rats." Nevertheless, he remained withdrawn.

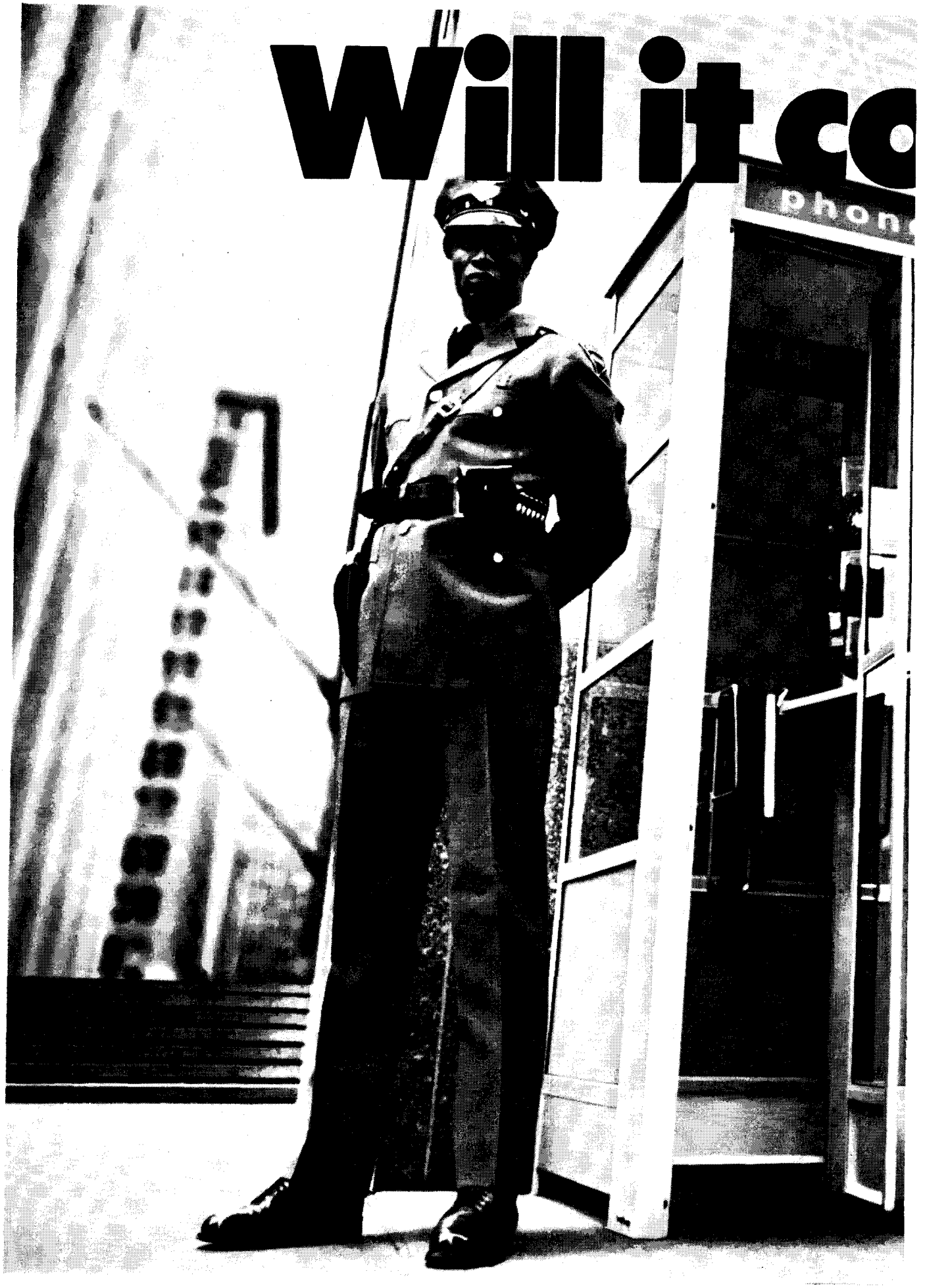
In his senior year Marcellus went to Dr. Maria Delivoria-Papadopoulos in the Department of Physiology at the hospital. Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos, a pediatrician and physiologist, had already helped two other black students, Ron White, now at Wesleyan University, and Al Brooks, a premed biology major at Morgan State. But Marcellus was troubled. "He gave the impression of having a low I.Q.," said Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos. "Yet he was a good student. He seemed to be trembling with something."

Throughout his lab experiences Marcellus had displayed a strange habit. "He always wore his winter coat in the lab," said Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos. "He wouldn't take it off, and this was in a hot basement lab. I can still see that heavy, bright blue coat. In a way it was symbolic. He was so wrapped up in himself. Here was a young man who'd been forgotten in a corner."

But Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos has a gentle, persistent way of getting students involved with the hospital and her lab. "They treat me as a friend. I treat them as colleagues," she said.

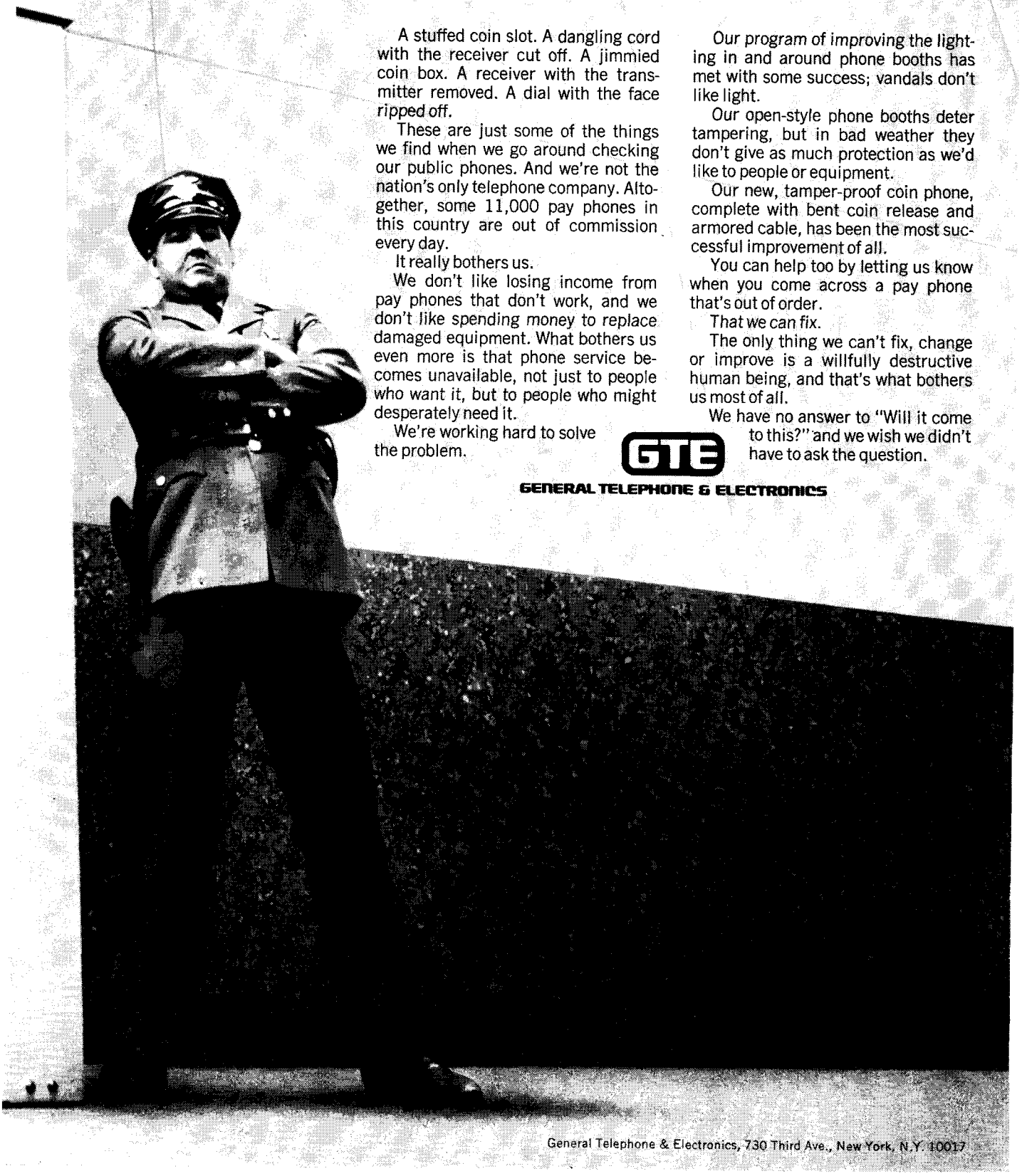
Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos put Mar-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me to this?



A stuffed coin slot. A dangling cord with the receiver cut off. A jimmied coin box. A receiver with the transmitter removed. A dial with the face ripped off.

These are just some of the things we find when we go around checking our public phones. And we're not the nation's only telephone company. Altogether, some 11,000 pay phones in this country are out of commission every day.

It really bothers us.

We don't like losing income from pay phones that don't work, and we don't like spending money to replace damaged equipment. What bothers us even more is that phone service becomes unavailable, not just to people who want it, but to people who might desperately need it.

We're working hard to solve the problem.

Our program of improving the lighting in and around phone booths has met with some success; vandals don't like light.

Our open-style phone booths deter tampering, but in bad weather they don't give as much protection as we'd like to people or equipment.

Our new, tamper-proof coin phone, complete with bent coin release and armored cable, has been the most successful improvement of all.

You can help too by letting us know when you come across a pay phone that's out of order.

That we can fix.

The only thing we can't fix, change or improve is a willfully destructive human being, and that's what bothers us most of all.

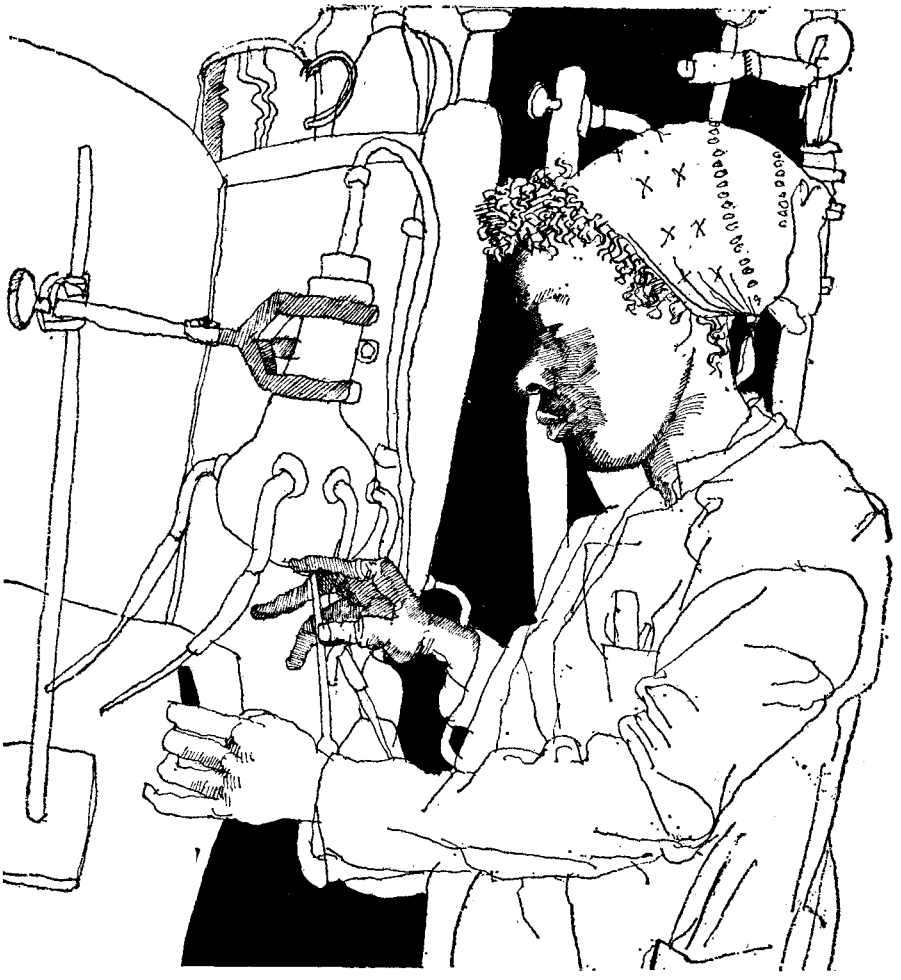
We have no answer to "Will it come to this?" and we wish we didn't have to ask the question.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

General Telephone & Electronics, 730 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cellus to work. She had him measuring hemoglobin with a medical technician, attending staff meetings at the hospital, and conducting studies on the oxygen consumption of newborn piglets and lambs undergoing exchange transfusions. Also, Jim Rude got Ellen Weber, then a Penn senior, to tutor Marcellus in math. His grades began improving. The personal attention and responsibility made him relax. "He was not treated like someone who could not perform," said Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos. Marcellus quickly learned to work with blood gases (PO_2, PCO_2) and pH analysis, and computed percentages of blood hemoglobin using the spectrophotometer. And one day he took off the hot, bright blue coat.

About the same time, Marcellus was choosing his college. His high school counselor suggested that he apply to a small midwestern school. He did, but on his own he also sent an application to Antioch College, which accepted him with substantial financial aid. Then his counselor advised him not to go. What should he do?

Marcellus discussed the predicament with his lab colleagues at Penn. "They gave me really good advice," he recalled. "They withheld opinions as far as go here, go there. But they gave me a lot of help in weighing different places and made me make the decision for myself."

Marcellus chose Antioch. As a freshman last year, he took biology, calculus, and vertebrate zoology, among other courses. He has returned to Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos for his Antioch work-study program and will remain until October. He is making rounds of the hospital's nurseries with Al Brooks and Dr. Delivoria-Papadopoulos and this summer will work on a lab project to "establish the normal curve of oxygen consumption in piglets. We want to see what the effects of surgery might be and will use the normal curve I establish as a comparison."

Marcellus is excited by his lab experience. He raises questions and ends up doing reports like a recent one on "Gaseous Metabolism in Newborn Human Infants." And now he's thinking of becoming a physician. What he's seen and learned is carrying over into college. "When I was back in Antioch last fall," he said, "at first I wasn't too interested in embryology, but I read through the books, and all of a sudden, Wow! I said, 'Is that all they're talking about?' I'd seen a lot of that stuff here.

"Then I remember the first quarter on campus. I took a biology course, and I kept saying, 'Wow! I remember that from the lab.' One night I was reading about DNA and got so excited I had to quit and come back to it later."

HEP-UP is filled with small and large surprises. One plus was the fact that these kids, bright and alert, brought fresh observations to the labs. One day Julius Dean walked into the anatomy lab and watched the workers carrying heavy aquariums back and forth across the lab to a sink for washing. "Why don't you get a hose?" he suggested.

Jim Rude and Dr. Davies also developed a course for teaching high school biology to urban kids and brought in science teachers from the Philadelphia high schools to do their own research and program development. The course emphasizes things that are close to home, such as isolating organisms from sewers and examining what's under a kid's fingernails.

But the basic surprise was the black kids themselves, like Denise Epps, now a sophomore at Boston University, who learned FORTRAN computer programing at HEP-UP, later studied the behavioral effects of saline solutions on rat brains, and worked in the Department of Psychology measuring the human response to stimuli of various shapes and colors. Last summer she worked in biology and prepared bacteria and protein cultures, isolating cell flagellin and testing for protein concentration. At the university Denise assisted teachers and day-care instructors at a community center in Roxbury. She tested infants at the center for sickle-cell anemia.

Bob Burgess came to HEP-UP with wide interests in chemistry, math, biology, and physics. "My mother is a nurse, and I have an uncle who's a chemist. I've been interested in science since I was a little kid," he said. "I had a microscope, chemistry set, and always read science books—including science fiction." Bob went into the Department of Biophysics and studied the energy flow in bacteria. In two weeks he had learned to operate a Hitachi Perkins-Elmer 135 Spectrophotometer and produced six near IR spectra of chromatophores and various dyes. This summer he's continuing a new interest in computer programing and measuring oxygen poisoning and clonic/tonic seizures of rats under extreme atmospheric pressure.

"Without HEP-UP," he said, "I probably wouldn't have gone into computer science. I wouldn't have thought of it." A sophomore at Cornell, Bob may major in computer science. Denise and Bob are two of the seventy high school kids who went into HEP-UP between 1968 and 1971. Of the seventy, sixty-five

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They treat me as a friend. I treat them as colleagues," said one doctor.

have gone on to college (twelve to Penn). Two others are in technical schools, one is working as a high-level lab technician, and two just graduated from high school.

This year six Philadelphia medical schools—Hahnemann Medical College, Medical College of Pennsylvania, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Temple University School of Medicine, and the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine—got involved in a cooperative program that expanded the three-year HEP-UP experience. And now the American Federation of Negro Affairs (AFNA) has begun a ten-year, nationwide program in Philadelphia that will take minority kids at the end of their tenth-grade year and offer them work-study experience in science after school and full-time during the summer, as HEP-UP did. This year sixty minority kids worked in the labs of the six Philadelphia medical colleges. Sixty more will work part-time in September for ten hours a week.

"AFNA," said Dr. Davies, who is on its executive committee, "is bigger than HEP-UP. It can reach more students and will make an exciting national program in urban areas with more than one medical school.

"The goal is to increase the number of minority students in the biomedical sciences and to improve the academic level of these students. We are showing the medical schools and graduate schools that minority students can be competitive."

The effect of such programs as HEP-UP is already seen in medical school admissions in Philadelphia. In 1971 Hahnemann accepted six black students; Jefferson, fifteen; Temple, eleven; and Penn, twenty-four.

Nationwide, admissions of minority kids to graduate and medical schools are rising. At Cornell, for example, of ninety-two freshmen admitted to the medical school last fall, eleven were black and two Puerto Rican. Overall, the change is slow but evident: Last year 697 blacks entered medical schools, an increase of 257 over the previous year. The number of Mexican-Americans jumped from forty-four to 117; Puerto Ricans outside Puerto Rico rose from five to twenty-three; and American Indian enrollment, still tragically low, at least went from seven to eleven. In the past five years the number of minority Ph.D. candidates in science has tripled.

As attention shifts to the problem of attracting and training minority kids in science, numerous programs are developing. Some top ones include:

- The School of Medicine of the University of California, Los Angeles, has faculty members tutoring minority kids and freshmen medical students in the basic sciences. Across town the University of Southern California scientists are working with Mexican-Americans and black kids of high-school and early college age.
- The University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco, offers Mexican-American medical students special help with academic and social problems and features an intensive twelve-week summer program emphasizing gross anatomy.
- At Duke University eight kids from North Carolina colleges go through a ten-week program that includes anatomy, biochemistry, microbiology, and immunology. Three blacks went to Duke medical college in 1968, eighteen in 1971.
- Howard University offers a Horizons in Medicine program for up to thirty-five eleventh- and twelfth-graders, who participate in a summer program of basic sciences, clinical medicine, and health care. Ten of the original thirteen kids in the program have gone on to college.
- The University of New Mexico took forty-six high school kids last summer —twenty American Indians, twenty-two Mexican-Americans, two blacks, and two whites—for special work in math, physics, chemistry, and biology.
- Cornell gives college undergraduates ten weeks of cell biology, cardiovascular physiology, research, and lab work in the summer. Of forty-six students who have been through the program twenty-one are now in medical school.
- Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City runs a program for minority high school students after school and during the summer. In 1971 twenty-three high school students worked for twenty hours a week, studying lead poisoning, helping nursing aides, and working in hospital labs and genetic and pharmacology labs.

Similar programs are starting up at many major universities in urban areas. In fact, one former HEP-UP student, now studying at Johns Hopkins, has started his own premed program for minority kids this summer at the University of Maryland School of Medicine.

Should graduate and medical schools get into programs like these?

While there is strong questioning among some faculty members and graduate students, the need for such special programs is great. Minority kids who get their advance degrees in the biomedical sciences may go back and help their people. There are diseases and disorders, for example, that relate to specific minority groups, and study and work in these areas have been largely ignored. It is significant that at least three HEP-UP students—Julius Dean in Ithaca, Denise Epps in Boston, and Dhana Knight in Poughkeepsie—are already at work in the black community making sickle-cell anemia tests.

It is also important, in the longer run, to get more minority faculty members into the med schools and labs, both as role models and also as policy makers. Their voices should be heard in places where scientific decisions that affect minority communities are being made.

As more minority kids enter science careers, the questions get tougher—for them. What, for example, are minority community needs? If it's service—for example, a medical doctor to treat lead poisoning—what happens to the minority kid who's turned on by lab research that removes him from active duty in his community? Or, take the problem of money. Many minority kids come from poverty backgrounds. It's tough for them to turn down the $40,000–$50,000-a-year promise of medicine to pursue lab research in a field where $15,000 may be top money. Or, worse, it's even tougher to turn down the $50,000 and go back and work in the ghetto community. Will they? Should they?

On the other side, the sponsors at Penn have found the work sometimes a block to promotion in *their* jobs. "Working with minority groups in a program like this doesn't count for you in academe," said one sponsor. "There's little or no approval for you by your colleagues. In fact, they argue that the real scientist doesn't play around with stuff like this."

Still, there are those who want to get involved. "I shove them off into the field of science," said Dr. Paul Montgomery, "and I care about them. These kids need to be stimulated early to supply the motivation that high school and even their parents take away. The time to get them is early. Color discrimination is nonexistent when they get to the professional level. I want them qualified. We owe it to them." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CREATURE COMFORTS AT THE ZOO

Pools, vegetation, artificial rocks, and plenty of wild acreage are part of U.S. zoos' efforts to "naturalize" the once-barren zoo enclosure.

BY BARBARA FORD

I used to like to walk through New York City's Central Park Zoo and stop for a few seconds at a pen where a half-dozen fallow deer ambled around a bare, cement-floored enclosure about the size of my living room. Sometimes the deer reclined on two tiny patches of dirt, and, when visitors approached, they would often stick their muzzles through the bars to beg. It was about as bucolic as Times Square. Nevertheless, the animals seemed content, and two tottering fawns joined the group in the summer of 1971.

Soon afterward, however, the mini-herd vanished from the pen. Instead of deer, there were workmen building a small waterfall at the back of the enclosure and surrounding the dirt patches with low rock walls. As either the crowning touch or an esthetic afterthought, a few tree-trunk sections were scattered over the cement floor. The deer were reinstalled in the refurbished quarters a few weeks later, but, as far as I could tell, they showed little reaction to the "improvements" in their pen. They continued their sedentary existence just as before.

Although this handful of captive deer was unresponsive to their new surroundings, the real significance of the changes in the Central Park deer pen is that a revolution in exhibit design is taking place in American zoos. The waterfall and rock work in the deer pen, plus more extensive improvements now under way at the Central Park Zoo, signal that the revolution has reached even this famous but antiquated facility, itself penned in by the high-rise barricades of midtown New York. Progressive zoo directors all over the country are heralding the theme of the revolution: "naturalization." No longer do they seem content to present the public with healthy animals in clean cages. The idea now is to display the animals in surroundings that simulate their natural habitats.

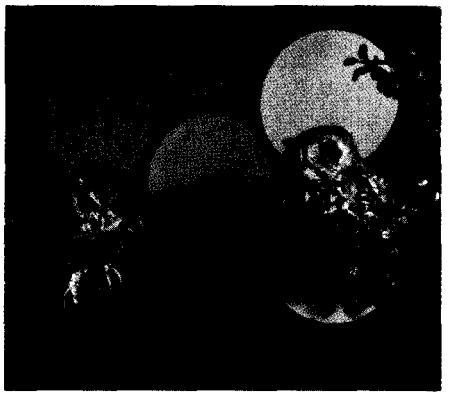
The concept isn't really new. In 1907 the Stellingen Zoo opened in Hamburg, Germany, with exhibits that featured moats, masses of artificial rock, and man-made ponds. Other European zoos followed suit. Eventually a number of U.S. zoos also copied the ideas of Carl Hagenbeck, first director of Stellingen, in a few outdoor exhibits. Now, however, the trend is accelerating, and U.S. zoo directors are finding ways to add naturalistic touches even to indoor displays. Supporters of the concept claim that such amenities as space, privacy, pools, vegetation, and artificial rock, as well as carefully chosen play equipment, encourage zoo animals to respond with behavior they show in the wild. The increased activity made possible by the new designs also alleviates the ennui of captive animals. Zoo visitors, for their part, are able to watch animals doing something more interesting than sleeping, pacing, or begging.

Although Central Park's undemanding deer may behave much the same way in a cage containing a few tree trunks to hop over as they do in a bare

An impala mother nurses her fawn in the San Diego Wild Animal Park. The setting represents the African plains.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Screech owls in the Bronx Zoo's World of Darkness are backed by color wheels that show how colors change in the dark.

one, zoo directors and curators are finding that most animals put in carefully designed habitats do indeed become more active. Proof can be found in the three-year-old World of Darkness building at New York City's Bronx Zoo. In this pioneering structure, nocturnal mammals and birds are housed in glass-walled enclosures bathed with either red light, which is invisible to the animals, or blue light, which simulates twilight. The visitors' hallways are kept dark, and the overall effect is a stunningly realistic transformation of day into night. Rocks and vegetation, most of it artificial, decorate the enclosures. Under the influence of these man-made conditions, the zoo public can see the nocturnal animals behaving as though it were night. "Many of the animals in here are responding as they never have before," says mammal curator Brad House. "They've become different animals."

William G. Conway, director of the Bronx Zoo, is firmly committed to naturalization, and his 252-acre institution boasts a number of examples of the concept. One of the most impressive new exhibits in the zoo is the first naturalistic habitat for great apes, which opened last summer with seven young lowland gorillas and a trio of orangutans.

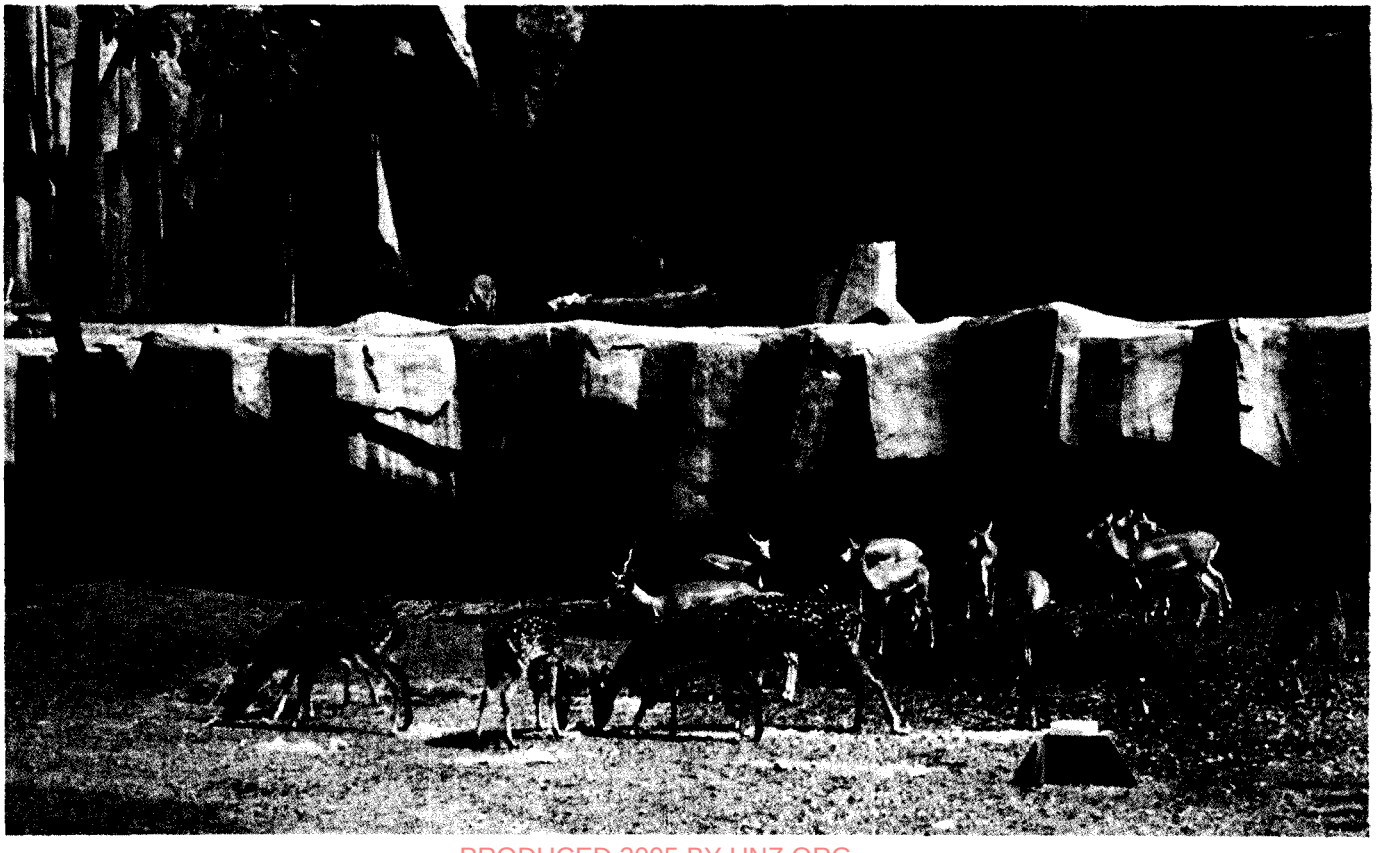
Displaying man's closest relatives has always been a problem for zoos. Primates are strong, curious, and destructive. They will tear up or throw around almost anything they can get their paws on. Thus far, however, the fiber-glass indoor world of the Bronx gorillas and orangs has shown remarkably little damage. When I was there last winter, the gorillas were playing together in a large, multilevel room with artificial trees, rocks, and vines. A waterfall trickled down one corner. In an adjoining enclosure the arboreal orangs swung back and forth in a tangle of artificial branches and vines bathed in green light. The orangs and gorillas were the liveliest apes I'd ever seen in a zoo.

According to Conway, naturalistic exhibits such as the great ape display do more than give animals something to do and visitors something to watch. For creatures such as the gorilla and orang, a natural habitat may be, literally, a lifesaver. Even the best U.S. zoos have had trouble breeding certain rare and endangered species in standard enclosures. A panda has never been bred in a U.S. zoo; neither has a cheetah or a white rhino. Gorillas and some other rare species breed only occasionally in captivity. With their native habitats being destroyed, many of these species face extinction unless their birth rate in captivity is accelerated. Right surroundings should help.

Admirable as the Bronx Zoo's new naturalistic displays are, though, the institution falls down in most of its older exhibits. The zoo was opened in 1899, in an era when the goal of zoo directors was to display exotic species to the public in a safe, sanitary way with little thought to the animals' needs. The results can still be seen in the Bronx Zoo and in almost all the other old urban zoos in this country: small, damp, bathroomlike, tile or concrete cages with heavy bars and, perhaps, a sleeping platform. Animal odors compete with those of disinfectants. When I visited the old Bronx Zoo building for big cats, a leopard was pacing the cement floor of a bare cage about the size of a suburban kitchen. A section of tree trunk furnished the only naturalistic touch. A sign on the cage read with unconscious irony: "This species has the largest range of any cat and lives in a variety of habitats from tropical forests to cold mountainous regions."

"There are many exhibits that we're

A Bengal tiger at the Milwaukee Zoo eyes its natural prey, blackbuck antelope and axis deer, across a moat.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not proud of," Conway admitted. "But cats don't need as much stimulation as primates. George Schaller, who is on our staff, discovered that the African lion in the wild sleeps, dozes, or rests twenty-one hours a day, hunts one hour, and feeds two hours."

Nevertheless, Conway added quickly, he plans to put the big cats and, in fact, all the animals in the Bronx Zoo in naturalistic environments as soon as possible. His problems are those of almost all big-city zoo directors in the United States: money, and what to do with the old zoo buildings that already exist. The Bronx Zoo, a well-financed private institution run by the New York Zoological Society, has fewer monetary worries than most other U.S. zoos, particularly municipal institutions, but its buildings are still dismayingly old-fashioned. "European zoos have enjoyed one unsought advantage over their sister institutions in the United States," Conway wrote recently. "They were bombed."

One U.S. zoo director envied by Conway and many other zoo officials in this country is George Speidel, director of the new Milwaukee County Zoo. Speidel's old zoo, a small installation in downtown Milwaukee, was bulldozed for a highway. As a result, Speidel was able to build a big new zoo from scratch at the edge of the city in the 1950s, just in time to take advantage of many of the concepts of naturalistic design. He was also aided by a forward-looking county administration. "George, is there anything we *haven't* tried in the way of naturalistic design?" asked a county official during my recent tour of the zoo. "Fiber-glass vegetation," said Speidel promptly. "It wasn't available when we built most of our exhibits, but I'd like to try to build some fiber-glass trees for our primates. We have to keep updating."

The zoo has already used almost every other available naturalistic technique in its exhibits, the first of which opened in 1959. African, Asian, and South American animals that are natural predators and prey are displayed in adjoining areas, a concept originated by Carl Hagenbeck. "You see that impala over there?" queried Speidel, as we stood in front of a large, grassy outdoor enclosure containing a group of African hoofed animals. "She's eying that cheetah—her predator—in the next enclosure. And the cheetah is looking at her. Proximity keeps both of them alert." The two species, he added, are separated by a deep, wide moat concealed from the view of visitors.

The technique as handled by the Milwaukee Zoo is employed to particularly good effect. By standing at certain points in front of the lengthy series of moated enclosures devoted to Africa you can look out over a dramatic vista of varied species: lions and cheetahs, hoofed stock, big birds such as the ostrich and pelican, and the African giants—elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and giraffes. Visitors can also get a close-up view of the big cats through a picture window built into a rock wall. The rock that forms the walls, ledges, and caves in the moated enclosures is artificial—another borrowing from Hagenbeck that has been used in some of the better U.S. zoo displays.

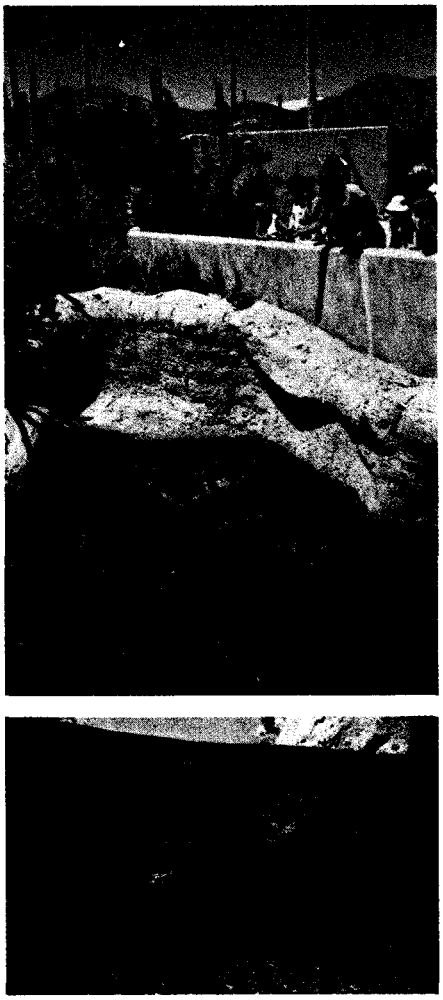
Despite its advantages, naturalization does create some special problems for zoo workers, Speidel noted. The grass in the indoor moated enclosures, for example, is regularly torn up by the large mammals, necessitating resodding each spring. For that reason, few U.S. zoos bother with grass. But Speidel feels that it's worth the trouble, although he has used Astroturf in some of his indoor displays and may install it outdoors, too.

Many of the animals in the Milwaukee County Zoo that come from warmer climates have adjusted to the cold Wisconsin winters, but not the primates. Almost all of the monkeys and apes are housed in indoor cages made of electrified glass that gives a mild shock when the simians touch it. They soon learn to leave the glass alone. A distinct advantage of the glass over the bars traditionally used to confine animals is that it makes possible the installation of two separate air circulation systems. One operates inside the cages; the other operates throughout the rest of the building. The double system keeps possibly dangerous human respiratory viruses out of the cages while keeping animal smells in.

The primate enclosures are quite small, but each contains a little troop of animals playing vigorously on what look like adaptations of playground jungle gyms. Each brightly painted metal structure has a different arrangement of bars, ladders, wheels, rings, and ropes.

"The play equipment was specially designed for this building," said Speidel as we watched a long-furred ouakari monkey—an endangered species—whirling around on a wheel. "We rotate the animals from time to time so they can play with different equipment."

If I could award the Milwaukee County Zoo a gold star for the best example of naturalization applied within a relatively small space, it would go to the Siberian tiger exhibit, a fifty-four-foot by thirty-foot enclosure that resembles a glass-walled patio. Open to the sky and viewable from the heated interior of the cat



Otters at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum can be viewed from above (top) or below the water (bottom). Two-level exhibits are a feature of the museum.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house, the habitat, which contains seven animals, has a pool, a waterfall, rocks, two live trees protected from the animals' depredations by inconspicuous fences, and a couple of tree-trunk sections for claw sharpening. When it snows, the tigers, whose native Siberian home has some of the foulest weather in the world, are at their best. One day last year, when the temperature plunged to twelve degrees below zero, Orville, an adult male, frolicked in the snow, then plunged into the pool for a fifteen-minute swim, and finally emerged to lie down on a slab of ice. The setting seems to agree with Orville and his mate. They have had fourteen cubs, most of which have been dispatched to other zoos to develop additional breeding pairs of the rare species.

The Milwaukee County Zoo is about as flawless a zoo as exists in this country, but some U.S. zoo officials think the most imaginative live animal exhibits to be seen in the nation today are in a small private institution outside Tucson, Arizona, that prefers the designation of museum to that of zoo. The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, opened in 1952, displays only animals native to Arizona and to the Sonora Desert, an area that includes parts of New Mexico, Arizona, and California. "I don't like the word 'zoo,'" says director Mervin W. Larson. "It has a bad connotation—fifty monkeys in a row; dirty, smelly cages. I consider this institution a combination of a zoo and a museum. But most of our staff feels closer to museums than to zoos. We use museum techniques." What Larson means was made clear to me when I walked through what is called the orientation room. In one glass-walled exhibit with a realistically painted background, an antelope squirrel darted into a burrow built out of simulated rock. Except for the live animals, the concept is very similar to that used in displays in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

There are a number of these indoor, museumlike displays, but the real showpieces are two-level, naturalistic displays that can be viewed both outdoors and in. Visitors willing to brave the Tucson heat peer down at these unique exhibits from the top of outdoor artificial rocks, where the animals are seen as though from a small hilltop, or look at them indoors at eye level through a fine wire barrier in the comfort of an air-conditioned building. The most recent of those canyonlike habitats houses four species of small desert cats: margays, ocelots, jaguarundis, and bobcats. Each species occupies a separate area that provides plenty of rocky nooks and crannies for hiding—a must for zoo animals, some zoo directors now claim. "Where are they?" I asked, peering at the ocelot exhibit from inside the building. "We think part of the fun is finding them," said a staff member, pushing a switch. A light came on in a small, windowed den. I found myself staring at two ocelots, which stared right back.

An elaborate display such as this one isn't cheap. Larson, who designed the naturalistic, two-level displays himself (he has also designed similar ones for a number of U.S. zoos), figures that about $250,000 has been spent on the cat enclosure, which houses only ten individuals. A comparable display was completed a short time ago for three otters, a pair of beavers, and a lone, young bighorn sheep for which the museum has been unable to obtain a mate. The museum's most ambitious project, still in the planning stage, is a $1-million miniature mountain for large mammals now housed in bare, little cages. "We spend more per animal than anyone else," claims Larson.

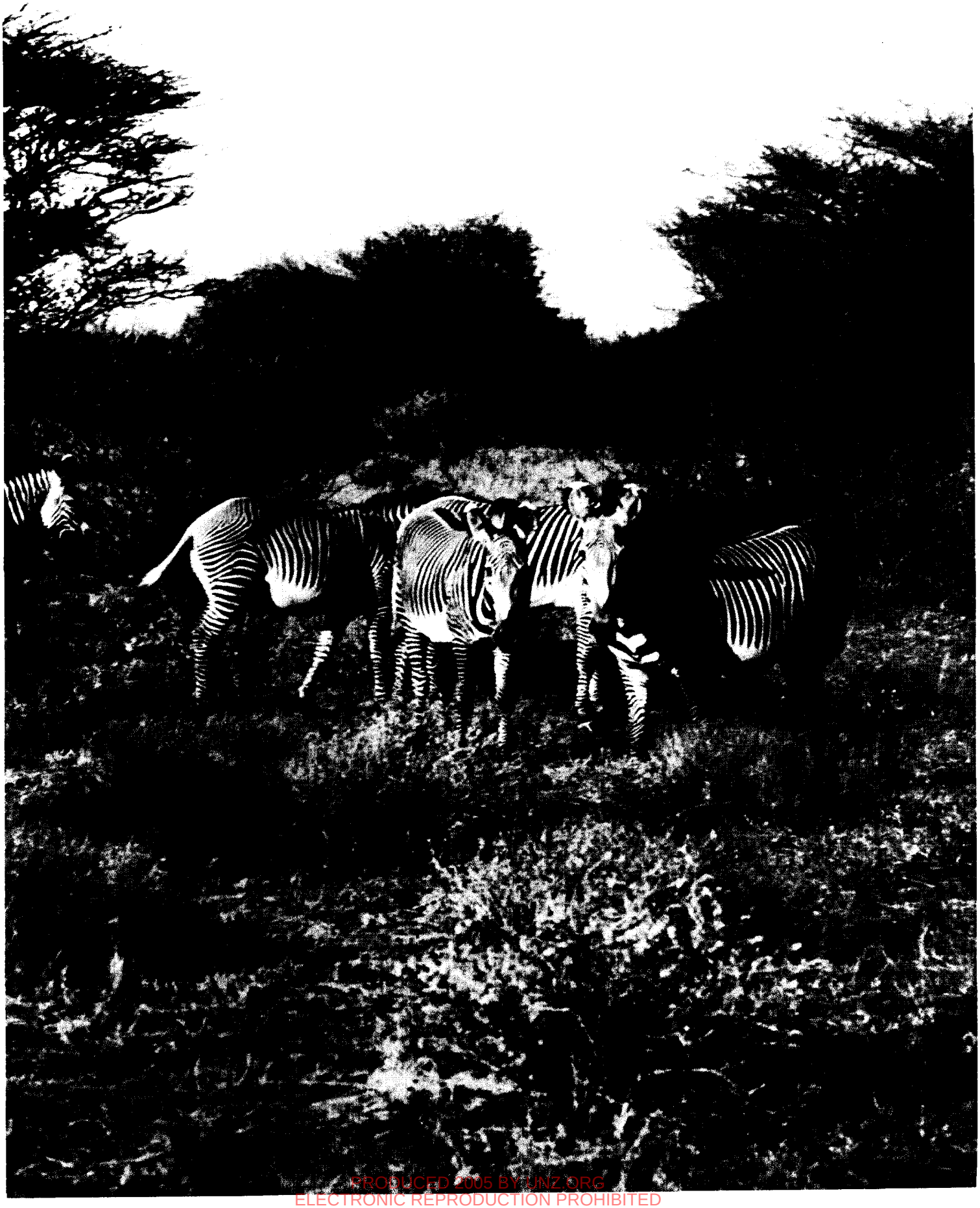
These new displays at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum are probably as close to nature as a zoo animal can get. But is it close enough? Some zoo observers don't think so. A growing band of vocal critics claims that even the best zoos do such a poor job of displaying animals that they should be closed or, to preserve endangered species, replaced by large special parks in which the animals could roam a natural environment in relative freedom. "I can't think of one zoo that satisfies my criteria for a place in which to study and learn about animals," says zoologist Randall L. Eaton, president of the Institute for the Study and Conservation of Endangered Species in Athens, Georgia. "Most zoo directors are veterinarians," he continued. "They don't know anything about the behavioral needs of wildlife." In the new animal parks now opening all over the United States, he asserts, animals have the space in which to interact with their own and other species in a natural way. The potential for research is thus increased, he believes, although he admits that little research has yet been carried out in these facilities.

"Parks are better for people, too," Eaton adds. "In a park the animals wander freely, doing their own thing; you are in the role of trespasser. And in a park it is the visitors who are cooped up—inside automobiles or monorails—not the animals. You have, incidentally, the sense of being imprisoned—a humbling experience."

The first U.S. wild animal park, Lion Country Safari, opened in West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1967. A privately

Grevy zebra roam the East African area of the San Diego Wild Animal Park. Grevy is the largest of the three zebra species.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owned and operated venture, like most other U.S. wild animal parks, it has done very well, both in profits and progeny. Lions, in particular, have bred enthusiastically. A California branch opened in Laguna Hills in 1970, and additional branches are planned for Dallas, Texas; Atlanta, Georgia; and somewhere along the New Jersey Turnpike between Philadelphia and New York City. Meanwhile, a few similar ventures, World of Animals, near Dallas, and Busch Gardens, in Tampa, Florida, are trying to lure the tourist's dollar. Plans for future parks include the World Wildlife Safari in Winston, Oregon, of which Eaton will be director, and Disney's Wild Kingdom, north of the new Disney World in Orlando, Florida. As Eaton says, "It's the biggest boom in captive wild animals since the lions in Rome!"

Zoo officials are not universally enchanted with the new parks. "Some of the parks I've seen in Europe look more like automobile shows than zoos," says John Perry, assistant director of the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. "All I could see when I looked out my car window was more cars." William Conway of the Bronx Zoo thinks some of the animal parks in this country are badly managed. "They don't know how to take care of their animals," he maintains. "The animals they get good results with are easy to breed. Lions? Anybody can breed lions—it's easier than breeding poodles." Conway, however, adds that the Bronx Zoo is thinking about opening its own small wildlife park about seventy miles from New York City, mainly for breeding purposes, an option that is also being seriously considered by the Milwaukee County Zoo. But another U.S. zoo has already beaten them to it.

In May of this year the San Diego Zoo, a private institution that boasts more species than any other U.S. zoo, opened the 1,800-acre San Diego Wild Animal Park with a total of some 150 African and Asian species and subspecies, numbering around 1,000 individuals. The park is expected eventually to hold several thousand animals. Located thirty miles north of the existing zoo, it is in a countryside of rolling, scrub-covered hills that resembles parts of Africa. Landscaping emphasizes the African atmosphere. The park is divided into four areas meant to represent North, South, and East Africa, and the Asian swamps and highlands. Each area contains appropriate species. The geographic divisions are separated by inconspicuous moats and fences, with predators kept within their own moated sites. The effect from the monorail that carries visitors on a five-mile trip around the park is of a huge plain over which a large number of African and Asian animals roam freely together.

The fiber-glass indoor world of the Bronx Zoo's young gorillas is the first such setting designed for the great apes.

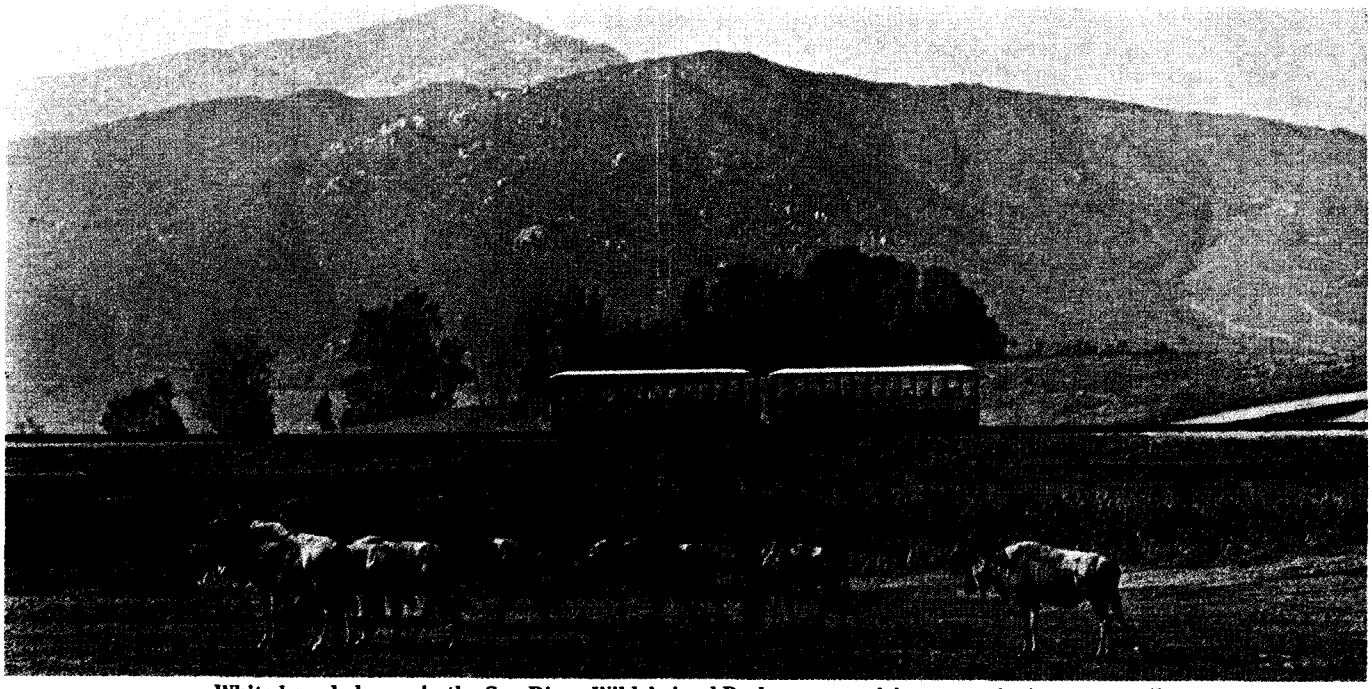
"You see that zebra mounting a mare down there?" asked assistant head keeper Bill Cryster, as we looked down at the South African area from an African village built on the top of a hill at the entrance to the park. "That's what we hope will happen here—the animals will have enough privacy to breed."

It's too early to tell whether the huge areas and large number of each species in the San Diego Wild Animal Park will produce the hoped-for population explosion, but zoo director Charles R. Schroeder points to one encouraging example of what he hopes to achieve. After ten years in the San Diego Zoo, Mandhla, a rare white rhinoceros, was moved to the park last fall. Free to roam with nineteen other white rhinos around the ninety-two acres that comprise the South African area, Mandhla lost little time in impregnating at least four females. In his zoo enclosure, a moated outdoor pen about seventy-five yards long by fifteen yards wide—roomy by zoo standards—he had failed to breed with his mate even once. Other captive white rhinos also show little interest in sex. If and when Mandhla's progeny appear in the spring of 1973 (the gestation period is eighteen months), they'll be the first white rhinos conceived and born outside Africa.

Not only is thirteen-year-old Mandhla breeding, he's also improving his muscle tone, according to mammal curator Clyde A. Hill. "Mandhla is much more muscular now, because he gets more exercise," Hill says. "White rhinos are herd animals, and they're like kids the way they play tag in the park." A behavioral study of the white rhinos has

The wolf pack at Brookfield Zoo, Chicago (upper left), responds to a fire siren with a group howl. Captive packs are rare. At the World of Animals in Dallas (left), a car is greeted by a giraffe and gemsbok antelope.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



White-bearded gnus in the San Diego Wild Animal Park graze as visitors pass by in a monorail.

Beastly Financing

The dollars that built the new 1,800-acre San Diego Wild Animal Park were raised in a manner unique in the world of zoos. The Zoological Society of San Diego, which operates both the new Wild Animal Park and the fifty-year-old San Diego Zoo, contracted with the city of San Diego to float a $6-million bond issue to finance construction. The technique is similar to a school bond issue except for one thing—the burden of repayment does not rest on the taxpayer. The bonds will be paid off by the Zoological Society with money earned by the Wild Animal Park itself. The city of San Diego will honor the bonds if the Zoological Society defaults, but the citizens of San Diego are confident that this will not occur. They point to the fact that the old San Diego Zoo is one of the few zoos in the country that regularly turns a profit. San Diego voters displayed their confidence by passing the bond issue by a 76 per cent majority, the largest support a bond issue has ever received in the city.

already been carried out in the park, and Schroeder expects many similar studies to be made. "In a zoo, you know, there really is no normal behavior," he told me. "But in our wild animal park whole species of antelope are territorializing. Our keepers can always find them in certain places." In some cases, he added, the activity of the park's animals will be encouraged by clever stage managing. There are plans, for instance, to have quarter-pound chunks of meat fired to the big cats by a slingshot operated from the monorail as it passes the lion area. For the "edification" of visitors, it is hoped that the lions will learn to pace back and forth when they hear the train approach and perhaps even leap up to catch the food.

This show biz touch serves inadvertently to spotlight the dilemma of zoos. Although they have often operated as "scruffy little animal slums"—former zoo curator Desmond Morris's term—zoos have traditionally espoused aims that involve conservation, education, and research. These aims, unfortunately, have seldom been achieved. In the area of education zoos often seem torn between amusing and teaching the public. Instead of conserving wildlife, zoological parks have occasionally contributed to the depredation of some animal species by overenthusiastic collecting. And much zoo research revolves around figuring out ways to keep certain individual animals alive as long as possible (longevity records are prestigious distinctions in zoological circles).

Now, with the revolution in animal exhibition in full swing, the traditional aims of zoos seem tantalizingly possible. Zoo breeding programs are becoming widespread and increasingly successful. Research into the behavior of exotic species is beginning to provide wildlife managers with the data needed to optimize endangered species' chances of survival, not only in zoos, but in their natural habitats. Meanwhile, the public is getting a long-overdue look at how animals really live. Nevertheless, knowledgeable zoo directors admit that zoo breeding programs do little more than supply a genetic reserve for wild animal populations—a temporary holding action. And zoo animals are atypical, even neurotic, subjects for the behaviorist. The wonders of fiber glass cannot reproduce the Serengeti Plains in Maintown, U.S.A., enabling Simba to act exactly like his African counterpart.

It may be that zoos will find their proper role as a nature educator of urbanized man, who seldom encounters anything wild except insects, rodents, and birds. Without zoos most city dwellers would never see a beast other than a pet or a pest. Developments in exhibit design seem to be inexorably leading zoos in the direction of education. If zoos are to educate man to appreciate our dwindling stock of wildlife, the presentation of such creatures in a naturalistic setting undoubtedly adds another dimension to the viewing experience. "The main purpose of our exhibits," s[illegible] Larson, of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, "is to give our visitors a relationship with the out-of-doors. If we do that, we feel the visitor will protect the animal in its natural habitat. If [illegible]'s the major reason for our existence." The same might be said of all zoos.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

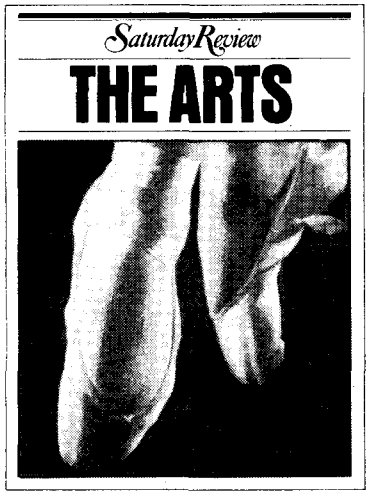
The editors of Saturday Review proudly announce a new monthly magazine devoted to The Arts.

It's time there was a magazine devoted solely to the Arts.

Across the country there is more interest—and more participation—in our culture than ever before. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in wild profusion.

Saturday Review/The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It will feature eight regular departments: Cinema; Theater and Dance; Art; Architecture and Design; Entertainments; Music; Writing; and People and Ideas.



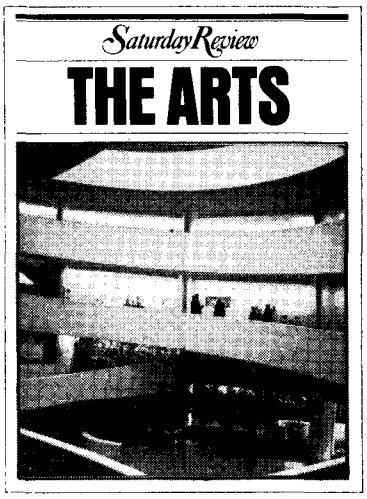
Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture.

These departments will spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, provide glimpses of the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review/The Arts will not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine will set no artificial limits to its scope.

—You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Rudolf Bing will recall his years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars are revolutionizing museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public



Architecture. Literature. Painting.

institutions. You'll also see the sleek new products that the Italians are designing for your home.

—You'll discover what a Maoist professor thinks about science fiction, what the world's most famous behaviorist believes about poetry, how an Italian psychiatrist and an American neurologist view the creative process.

—What does Glenda Jackson plan to do next? What films are Costa-Gavras and the man who made *El Topo* already shooting?

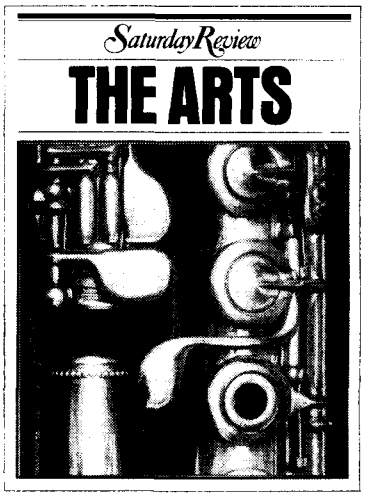
—You'll discover how an American firm is re-designing Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater

Communications. Criticism. Opera.

units, how campers can make their own instant camping equipment that won't destroy the parks.

—Russian poetry and fiction, a careful evaluation of choreographer George Balanchine, the aspirations of women film-makers, the new look of mainland Chinese crafts, the events at Iran's big cultural festival—these are all subjects that will be covered in upcoming issues.

In addition, The Arts will carry features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials of the kind that have made Saturday Review the brain prodder it has always been.



Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review/The Arts at the half-price introductory rate.

THE ARTS

Saturday Review
380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Saturday Review,

Enter my introductory subscription to Saturday Review/The Arts at the half-price Charter Subscription rate of $6.00 for one year with a guarantee that I must enjoy it or you'll give me a full refund.

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill me
(offer good only in U.S. and Canada.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ A225

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon." But she evokes the commune well, and her unpleasant scenes are especially credible.

Into It, Edward Pomerantz's first novel—or a rough draft of it—might have been narrated by Rossner's cold-blooded nineteen-year-old. The plot is vague, complex, nasty, and insignificant: It's a sadist's Oedipal wet dream of vengeance on Mom, Dad, and himself. The characterizations are economically cardboard; they need last only long enough for the reader to be hurried through the sordid actions of what the hero calls "some lousy novel." (The jacket blurb tells us that one character "has taken to sending his parents increasingly bizarre and obscene videotapes." In fact, he doesn't send them—Pomerantz summarizes the unsent, undramatic tapes at the novel's end—but he *should* have . . . if the novel had to be written at all.)

If you think life's not so bad, these paper dolls won't scare you into changing your mind; if you do think life's bad, their antics will offer you neither support nor insight. The hero takes care to mention Kafka, Hamlet, and Oedipus, but mention's not enough. A man may be unpleasant and pursued and yet not be Josef K., nor is every boy who loves his Mom too well Oedipus Rex.

Mysteries in Review

ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

There is nothing quite like observing a master at the top of his form. Eric Ambler provides an exceptional opportunity with *The Levanter* (Atheneum, $6.95). The setting is the Middle East, a perfect background for danger, where intrigue is synonymous with breathing. The central figure is Michael Howell, "fractionally British," a self-styled "Levantine mongrel" descended from a Lebanese-Armenian grandmother and a Syrian-born father.

Howell's story begins in Damascus. Syria has just experienced another political upheaval and emerged politically as a one-party state. Howell is the head of "Agence Howell," a family-owned enterprise operating a fleet of small cargo vessels in the eastern Mediterranean and acting as selling agents throughout the Middle East. But private industry is slated for nationalization, and Howell must negotiate with the new government to protect the family's interests.

The government is personified by a Dr. Hawa, Minister of Syria's newly created Department of Industrial Development. The subtle maneuvering between Howell and Hawa, sometimes over brandy and backgammon, yields fascinating insights into the internal affairs and the game of survival in the quixotic Arab nations. Howell arranges to act as developer of industry for the government and, simultaneously, himself. Inexorably, he and his mistress-*cum*-office manager are forced to assume pivotal roles in a plot by an Arab terrorist group to destroy Tel Aviv.

Howell is the stuff that antiheroes are made of. He is our familiar nonviolent middleman caught in a web he never spun. Long before the sparks fly, it is clear that *The Levanter* is quintessential Ambler.

For intrigue American-style we have *The Porkchoppers* by Ross Thomas (Morrow, $6.95). A national labor union is about to elect a new president. It is instantly evident that there is going to be a struggle—and that the fighting is going to be strictly below the belt. The incumbent, Donald Cubbins, is movie-star handsome and a melting ice cube away from an alcoholic breakdown. His opponent, Sammy Hanks, is almost unbearably ugly and given to manic fits. Both are backed by professionals who are masters of mudslinging and worse, and each has henchmen at leash who would have set the Borgias trembling. Through it all stalks a hired killer (his employer unknown) out to get Cubbins—or so it seems. The climate is persistently nefarious; there are deals within deals that lead all the way to the White House—and leave you wondering about where the fiction leaves off.

The Porkchoppers is slow to start. But stick with it. It winds up with the author at his best (as in *The Seersucker Whipsaw, The Cold War Swap*). Thomas writes as if he's been there and back, with the kind of wisecracking, razor-sharp prose that will keep you laughing while on the edge of your seat.

Almost five years have passed since the Swedish wife-husband team of Maj Sjowall and Per Wahlöö burst upon the American scene with *Roseanna,* the first of their imaginative police procedural novels starring that deceptive detective *ordinaire,* Martin Beck. Over this interval—their new mystery, *The Abominable Man,* is being published in October—they have become the undisputed stars of Scandinavian mystery and, indeed, rank internationally among the peers of the genre. Now along comes a young countryman, Olle Hogstrand, who with his initial entry in the lists looks as if he is going to give them a run for their rank.

On the Prime Minister's Account (translated by Elina Levy, Pantheon, $4.95) is Hogstrand's first book, and what a skillful debut it is. Kidnapping, several varieties of blackmail, high-level political machinations, and elegant police procedure are all neatly wrapped together with pace and style. Central to the story is the kidnapping of the daughter of the Swedish Prime Minister right after the assassination of the American ambassador and the apprehension of his assailant. Publicly, the kidnapping appears to be a political affair: The girl's freedom is offered in exchange for the release of the "militant leftist" suspected assassin and safe conduct for him to a country that will offer him asylum (Albania is willing). But many are the curves in the kidnappers' plot, and they embroil the Prime Minister in more than he could imagine bargaining for. At the end there is an ingenious, unexpected, but totally convincing twist.

Derek Marlowe's *Do You Remember England?* (Viking, $6.95) is not so much a mystery as a romantic puzzle (the hands of John Fowles and Lawrence Durrell can be seen among its diverse antecedents). It is a novel dependent upon subtle evocations of mood rather than swiftly evolving action. Not the least of its charms is the fact that Marlowe has managed to give to a contemporary English setting the flavor of a bygone age.

On the surface the plot is simple. A mysterious stranger unexpectedly turns up at an English manor house one weekend in November. He meets a beautiful woman. In a bizarre and rather detached courtship he woos her away from her husband to marry him. All appears well. But below the surface of these seemingly ordinary lives is the hint of an element of evil that will lead to a terrifying destiny.

This kind of novel demands some considerable reading between the lines; Marlowe is prone to tangential literary allusions that smack of a private world to which we are not privy. This is not the Marlowe of *A Dandy in Aspic. Do You Remember England?* has more in common with his previous novel, *Echoes of Celandine.* It is not for the lazy reader; it is for those who enjoy word games, don't mind ambiguity, and are willing to provide in part their own key to the puzzle. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK BUSINESS

BY ALAN GREEN

The general book-reading public has recently been encountering names that have long been well known to publishers, booksellers, and librarians. Nowadays, many book advertisements prominently display quotes from The Kirkus Service, from Barbara Bannon of *Publishers' Weekly*, and from *Library Journal*.

All three are primary sources that bookstores and libraries look to for reviews and evaluations of not-yet-published upcoming books. They importantly influence purchasing decisions, and, therefore they are taken very seriously by the entire book publishing community.

In 1933 Virginia Kirkus left Harper, where she had been juvenile book editor, persuaded an initial group of twenty publishers to send her galley proofs of forthcoming books, and started to mail out monthly one-paragraph reviews to ten retail outlets that daringly agreed to try her new service. This list quickly expanded, as did the number of publishers glad to furnish her with early proofs. In the 1940s she began to add libraries to her subscribers, though—at that time—her reviews were still bookstore and best-seller oriented. Through the 1950s and into the 1960s the service grew, libraries loomed ever larger in the total mix, and in 1962 Mrs. Alice E. Wolff, who had been with Kirkus since 1936, took over as editor, the post she holds today. (Virginia Kirkus is retired.) With the editorship of Mrs. Wolff—and the increasing proportion of libraries among the subscribers—the emphasis of reviews gradually shifted from the immediate commercial values of the books to their more lasting qualities. Today, The Kirkus Service (now owned by the publishers of the *New York Review of Books*) has 4,500 subscribers, of which only 1 per cent are booksellers, 80 per cent are libraries, and 19 per cent are publishers, movie and TV producers, reprinters, foreign publishers, agents, book clubs, and small-town newspapers. (Some of these last are suspected of occasionally paraphrasing Kirkus opinions and running them as original book reviews. This is dirty pool on a sticky wicket.)

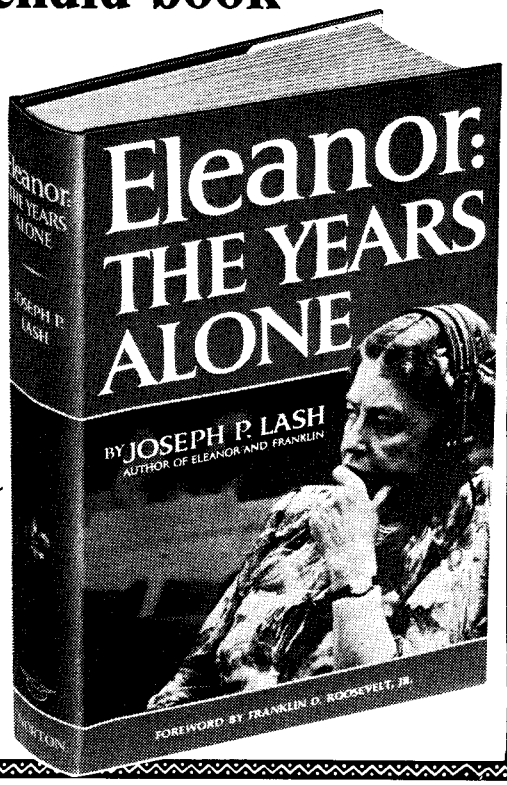
Seven permanent members of today's Kirkus organization turn out 80 per cent of the 125 adult and more than 100 juvenile books evaluated in a typical month. The balance is reviewed by contributors in such fields as religion, belles lettres, science, etc. I asked Mrs. Wolff how she thought her reviews di-

"Fresh, new and compelling ...a splendid book"*

"Again I am struck with the sensitivity of Joseph P. Lash's understanding of Mrs. Roosevelt, and the candor with which he sets forth her inner feelings, as she made the transition from first lady of the land to first lady of the world."
—*FRANK FREIDEL

"A thoroughly satisfying book"
—PEARL S. BUCK

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. 32 pages of illustrations. $9.95
At all bookstores



Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003

WIT TWISTER NO. 283

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — of their son
struck us with fear,

For Siva thus displays his wrath
and might;

But they still view the — — — —
— — with a leer

And openly — — — — — — our
ancient rite.

A. S.

(Answer on page 61)

The Message of the Bhagavad Gita for the Western World

GEOFFREY A. BARBORKA'S
THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

■ Here is a readable, modern introduction to the *Bhagavad Gita*, one of the great dialogs of all time. A prince of ancient India debates on a battlefield with Krishna, the divine teacher. This digest of the philosophical concepts of the Hindus' sacred text includes the most-famous passages as well as clear explanation of their meaning for Western readers. 191 pages. #0025 Quest paperbound, $1.95.

THE SONG CELESTIAL

by Sir Edwin Arnold. The famous poetic translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. 154 pages. #0418 Quest paperbound, $1.

At your bookstore, or postpaid from Quest Books Dept. SR, Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60187.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vided among raves, pans, and in-betweens. She guessed that 10 per cent might be very enthusiastic, 25 per cent favorable, 40 per cent suggested for special audiences (incidentally, they no longer indicate with a warning "Q" those books that they consider of questionable taste), and 25 per cent negative. Libraries pay from $30 to $96 a year for the service, depending upon the size of their book budgets; booksellers pay a roughly similar range based on their annual volume; and publishers, agents, and producers pay $150.

This year *Publishers' Weekly* is celebrating its centenary. Nowadays it has about 30,000 subscribers, mostly bookstores and libraries, plus publishers, agents, etc. Every week it runs many columns of single-paragraph reviews called "Forecasts" divided among Adult Fiction and Nonfiction and Junior Books. In a typical year they'll review about 3,800 books, of which 1,000 might be fiction, 1,650 nonfiction, 525 juniors, and the balance original paperbacks. Barbara Bannon, senior editor of *PW*, is in charge of all "Forecasts" and reads about six to ten books a week, primarily fiction. Albert Johnston specializes in nonfiction, Pamela Bragg in juveniles, and Eileen Lottman in paperbacks. They are aided by about twenty-five outside readers. *PW* runs its reviews from five to ten weeks ahead of publication date and puts considerable emphasis on the commercial possibilities of the upcoming books. This is of particular interest to booksellers, who form a large part of the *PW* audience. Barbara Bannon's name is signed only to those reviews she writes, not to those she may have edited. She has a good eye for sales potential and was probably the first reviewer to hail *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* as a best-seller-to-be—a risky prediction with any first novel.

Publishers' Weekly is owned by the R. R. Bowker Company, which is part of the Xerox complex. So is *Library Journal*, which furnishes similar short forecasting reviews for its large subscription list of librarians. Most of *LJ*'s reviews are not staff-written. They are turned out by selected public librarians, by academic librarians, by college and university professors, and a few by clergymen and other specialists. Because this method means sending the books out and then waiting for often dilatory reviewers, *LJ*'s reviews (which not only appear in the publication but also are printed on separate cards for library filing) often are available only a little in advance of publication date—though Janet Fletcher, who currently edits them, is striving for, and getting closer to, at least a month's lead time. *Library Journal* functions only in the adult field, leaving the juniors to its younger sibling, *School Library Journal*. Many libraries that use these services check their opinions against current review media—including especially the *New York Times Book Review* and *SR*.

Producing a new and different travel book about Paris is just about as difficult as coming up with a fresh book on flower arranging—both subjects have been covered in coffee-table loads of volumes. But *My Paris*, which Macmillan is publishing in early September, has uniquely attractive features. To begin with, the possessor of that possessive pronoun in the title is Maurice Chevalier, who wrote the text for this book not long before his death last year. In the second place, the illustrations—all from the celebrated camera of Robert Doisneau, himself a devoted Parisian—include far more than the traditional shots of Sacré-Coeur, Place Vendôme, and Pont Neuf. The Paris revealed here is quite believably Chevalier's—and Doisneau's. Chevalier appears in several of the pictures, sometimes as a buoyant central figure, sometimes with the relative reticence of Hitchcock in an opening frame. Then there are the "villages" of Paris: Ménilmontant of Chevalier's boyhood, Saint-Martin, Villette. And the people of Paris—old and young, working and holidaying, cycling *au deux* and scurrying before the traffic—are at least as prominent as the settings of markets, churches, schoolyards, and cafés. All told, there are 110 illustrations, twenty of them in color, the ensemble well calculated to make even the most ardent Anglophile forget that London is his favorite city.

Books that make the best-seller lists usually do so fairly soon after publication and, if they're going to gain the top of the list, almost always in their first season or so. That's what makes a couple of current leaders (this is being written in early July) so unusual. Recently arrived at the head of the *New York Times* fiction list (it's classed as nonfiction in *Time* and *Publishers' Weekly*, where it has also been number one) is *Jonathan Livingston Seagull, A Story* by Richard Bach, which Macmillan published in September of 1970. And number one on the *Times* nonfiction list is *I'm OK—You're OK* by Dr. Thomas Harris, which Harper & Row brought out in April 1969. Each book began slowly and unobtrusively, each gradually gathered the *sine qua non* of bestsellerdom, favorable word of mouth, and each—still in its original hardback edition—is nearing the half-million mark in sales. They may be, by contemporary book-selling standards, old soldiers—but neither shows the slightest inclination to fade away. □

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE WOMEN IN THEIR LIVES

In Column 1 are the women (described in Column 2) who helped make or mar the lives of the writers in Column 3. It's up to you to join together what Clive Roberts Bishop of Evanston, Illinois, hath put asunder. Check your answers on page 61.

1. Augusta ( )	A. Her poet-lover wished to be "pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast."	a. Lovelace
2. Beatrice ( )	B. The "Althea" to whom he wrote from behind stone walls and iron bars.	b. Swift
3. Charlotte ( )	C. This highly sexed, fickle wife of an official was loved by a young poet.	c. Socrates
4. Fanny ( )	D. There were *two*, over a century apart: one the object of a sonnet series, the other the addressee of an epistolary journal.	d. Goethe
5. "Lesbia" ( )	E. She was celebrated as a poet's guide through Paradise.	e. Byron
6. Lucy ( )	F. Shrewish wife of a great philosopher.	f. Sidney
7. "Stella" ( )	G. She and her poetic half-brother were accused of incest.	g. Catullus
8. Xantippe ( )	H. Worshipped but not married by a poet-dramatist-novelist.	h. Keats
		i. Dante

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera Returns to Central City

BY BYRON BELT

CENTRAL CITY, Colo.—The great names once were Teller, Tabor, and Pullman; today they are Verdi, Mozart, and Coward. Central City, which flourished in the 1860s as the "Richest Square Mile" in the world, thanks to the gold mines whose skeleton structures and foul dross scar the mountain landscape, is now mining operatic riches in the crystal air.

The tiny Queen of Gilpin County, whose 85,000 acres once led the world in gold production and whose wealth was vastly important to the development of industrial America, now houses the Central City Festival each July and August. Exactly 100 years ago Henry M. Teller (later a U.S. senator and Secretary of the Interior under President Chester Alan Arthur) sponsored Teller House, the most luxurious hotel between the Mississippi and San Francisco.

The second major landmark appeared in 1878 when the opera house designed by Robert Roeschlaub was opened after a public subscription provided the necessary $18,000.

As Central City's decline began only a few years after the opening of the opera house, the 800-seat gem of neo-Renaissance interior elegance built behind a swarthy rock exterior sat neglected for many years. In 1932, thanks to the dedication of Mrs. Fred McFarlané and Miss Anne Evans, the Central City Opera House was restored. It reopened in July 1932, with Lillian Gish starring in Robert Edmund Jones's revival of *Camille*.

Jones produced *The Merry Widow* in 1933 and proposed to "bring young singers who not only have gorgeous voices and have their futures before them, but who will look the part as well as act the part." By 1970 the trustees found that despite such luminous accomplishments as the 1956 success of their commissioned Douglas Moore opera, *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (with its appropriate story of the silver-and-sex exploits of Horace Tabor), the deficits were too much. To restore the festival to financial responsibility as well as head it on a new expanded artistic course, the board brought in New York management executive Carl H. P. Dahlgren as executive director.

Patricia Brooks and Benita Valente in Act II of "Figaro"—"vocally interesting."

Dahlgren's first act—to the horror of fans, artists, and managers—was to cancel opera for the 1971 season. That summer was devoted to the box office hit *Harvey* and other commercial events, and, without opera's extra rehearsal and production costs, the year ended with a modest surplus.

Opera, however, remained a major Dahlgren goal, and, when the board concurred, opera was restored this summer. Nathaniel Merrill, who earlier spent seven summers with the local company, was brought in as artistic director. Merrill, with his longtime Central City and Met scenic associate Robert O'Hearn, produced English versions of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Verdi's *Falstaff*.

All ten performances of *Figaro* and all five of *Falstaff* were sold out and played to laughing, cheering audiences. There is interest in establishing a similar kind of repertory company in drama. Toward that experimental end, San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater launched the drama season with Coward's *Private Lives*.

Both Merrill and Dahlgren believe that a festival must be more than a series of events, however splendid. New efforts are being made to involve local people, the University of Denver (actual landowners of the some two dozen Festival Association buildings), and a national, or at least broadly regional, constituency. There are lectures and recitals by young artists to augment the performing schedule and seminars for opera coaches with credit available through the New England Conservatory. Most important of all, there is a new Twentieth Century Program to assist young, less experienced opera composers. This summer's pilot project, under Gunther Schuller's direction, will have composer Larry Moss in residence.

As significant as programs such as these may be, the public's concern will remain with the productions. In both operas the Merrill-O'Hearn touch assured visually attractive presentations that were perhaps a shade too lavish and, musically, only as good as the conducting.

In the case of *Figaro*, for which Ernst Märzendorfer was brought from Europe, the results were vocally interesting, orchestrally and conductorially a dud. Märzendorfer clearly lacked the ability to inspire his musicians, and both performances I witnessed featured poor string playing and ragged ensemble.

Falstaff was altogether different. Fired by the musical, propulsive, even inspired conducting of the twenty-two-year-old recent Juilliard graduate James Conlon, the entire performance shimmered with grace, rocked with laughter, and brought such life to Verdi's supreme masterpiece that the performances ranked high among outstanding music-theater experiences.

Worthy of special mention is baritone Frank Guarrera, once a Ford in Toscanini's *Falstaff*. He proved to be very much his own Sir John in a magnificent portrayal. If Central City Festival can launch its future on the quality skyrocket of the Merrill-Conlon *Falstaff*, make a beginning toward Dahlgren's goal of "a complete collage of the performing arts," and accomplish a 1976 Colorado Centennial–U.S. Bicentennial goal by renovating the fascinating nearby mining communities, the area should once more become one of the richest square miles anywhere. □

Byron Belt is a syndicated arts columnist, lecturer, and critic-at-large for the Newhouse Newspapers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

Satirical Roguery

BY HENRY HEWES

The New Jersey Shakespeare Festival's migration from Cape May to its new home at Drew University in Madison appears fortuitous in the extreme. Drew's arboreal campus provides dormitories to house the company's fifteen professional actors and its more than fifty young apprentices. And it is located just an hour from New York City via train. Not only does this make the festival accessible to city excursionists as well as to those who live in the Short Hills–Morristown area, but it also helps the company obtain the services of superior artists who can continue their TV work in New York while they perform at Drew a few evenings each week.

Another bonus for audiences is the theater itself. Remodeling it from a small gymnasium into an air-conditioned thrust-stage playhouse left room for only 201 seats; although this small capacity limits box-office revenue, it is wonderfully intimate.

In his staging of *The Taming of the Shrew*, director Paul Barry has exploited this intimacy in an explosive, larger-than-life production that overpowers the audience with its vitality and audaciousness. After a conventional beginning in which the Christopher Sly scene is presented in Elizabethan dress, a troupe of players enters to perform the play-within-a-play in modern outfits. This permits the performers to use some amusing anachronisms. Peter MacLean as Petruchio enters, carrying a golf club and resembling James Cagney in one of his cocky stances. Obviously, the challenge of taming the untamable shrew appeals to him as the ultimate exercise in masculinity. This is emphasized later when he shows up for the wedding, wearing a motorcyclist's black leather jacket emblazoned with the letters H O G. As Kate, Catherine Byers sports a Woman's Lib sweat shirt to suggest that shrewishness may be the logical means an independence-seeking woman must use to protect herself from male chauvinist pigs.

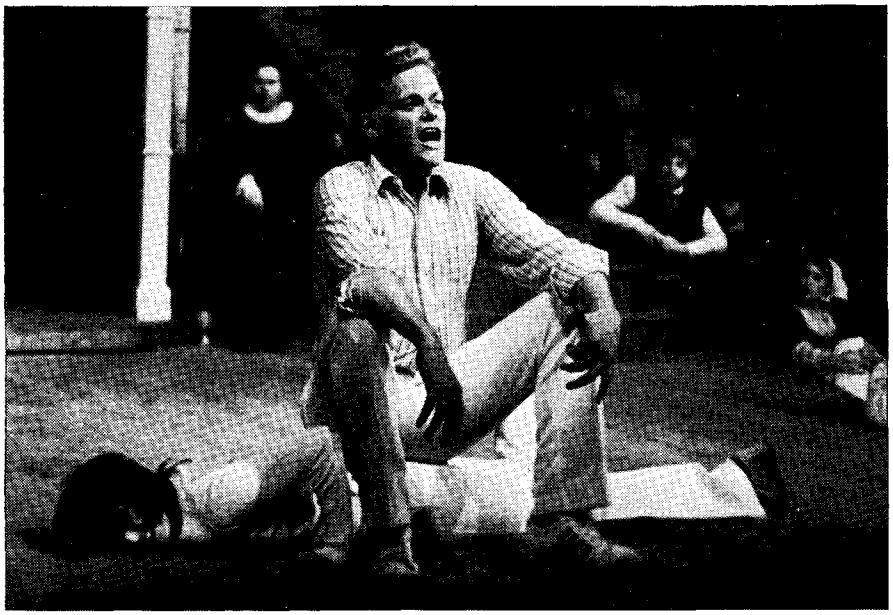
This is interesting, but of course the play doesn't really permit them to do more than suggest the analogy. In sixteenth-century Italy men held all the cards, and MacLean's Petruchio wins by unabashed use of force and by the assumption that women are happiest when they masochistically enjoy being controlled by a "real man." Miss Byers's Kate convincingly and charmingly makes the transition from shrew to compliant lover.

Director Barry has garnished his tasty entree with a number of vital, if occasionally overdrawn, performances. As Tranio, the servant pretending to be a gentleman, Jack Ryland entertainingly affects a snobbish Harvard-Groton manner of speech. Howland Chamberlin portrays Kate's father as a civilized man who wants nothing more than to avoid noise and nuisance. And Margery Shaw gives us a vapid, lollipop-licking Bianca.

A more difficult challenge for a company that can give each play only seventy hours of rehearsal is faced in the festival's *Troilus and Cressida*. Again director Barry has emphasized the comedy and has extroverted the action. After a sober beginning, in which projected images on the ceiling remind us that the stupidities of war stretch all the way from ancient Troy to modern Vietnam, we meet love-crazed Troilus, played by Christian Grant, who gets a big laugh when he commences his lovers' tryst with Cressida by awkwardly stumbling over his own feet. Philip Hanson plays Pandarus as a voyeur humorously transparent in his attempts to get vicarious gratifications from the love affair he has arranged. And Kendall March lets us know immediately that Cressida is a strongly sexed girl who will never be able to sustain a relationship with a man if she cannot constantly possess him physically.

The Greek camp is also absurd, as the clever Ulysses, played by Alex Panas, flatters Ajax into insufferable self-importance. Clarence Felder is ideal as the beefy, deluded warrior and gets great fun out of his ponderous duel with the redoubtable Hector, played with good-natured astonishment by Peter MacLean. But most successful of all is Albert Sanders's frenetic portrayal of Thersites as a scrofulous derelict with foot palsy. His ignominious survival without illusion contrasts hilariously with everyone else's pretensions to honor and fidelity that have caused the prolonged, senseless, and ignoble war.

The New Jersey Shakespeare Festival, which is also presenting in rotating repertory *Beyond the Fringe*, *The Hostage*, and *The Bourgeois Gentleman*, appears to be having a remarkably successful first year in Madison. Barry has proved his astuteness as artistic director and clearly deserves the modest increase in subsidy he will need to keep the nucleus of his company, extend rehearsal time, and upgrade his technical department. □



Petruchio enjoys an incumbent's advantage over Kate in New Jersey.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films

...And Deliver Us From Evil

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Deliverance, which James Dickey adapted from his own best-selling novel, is one of those rare films that resonates like a literary work but that —rarer still—avoids either being or sounding literary. For me a good book is one that does more than simply tell an arresting story; it creates characters who face moments of crisis and moral dilemma in which they must make choices. And the choices are not necessarily simple, obvious ones between wrong and right, good and evil. Life is generally far more complicated than that, and the novelist, reflecting life, must work these complexities into his design. When he does—as Dickey surely did in *Deliverance*—one is haunted long after the final chapter by what has happened to the characters as the result of a decision made under duress, what their lives might have been had the decision been different.

Similarly, a good film for me is one that doesn't end with final titles. Too many pictures are designed merely to amuse or entertain for an hour-and-a-half or so, then send you home unmoved, uninvolved, and unsatisfied. But there are other films that cling to the mind and somehow keep growing and expanding until the imagination itself supplies entire scenes that the filmmaker merely hinted at. I suspect that *Deliverance* will prove to be such a film.

For one thing, the film is beautifully made. Director John Boorman, working in the remote, thickly wooded mountain country of northern Georgia —just as he did with Alcatraz in *Point Blank* and with that South Seas island in *Hell in the Pacific*—succeeds in plunging us promptly and deeply into an alien culture, an alien world. More so, I should say, in *Deliverance* than in any of his previous pictures. Even before the opening titles have cleared the screen while we are still watching two cars, canoes atop, penetrating unpaved mountain roads through dark, forbidding forests, the film starts to take effect. Although we have not yet seen the occupants of the cars, we half-hear their conversations and gather that they have driven up from the city for a weekend of canoeing and camping in a wilderness that is about to be tamed. The bulldozers are already at work, readying ground for a dam that will transform this forest primeval into a placid lake.

What follows is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in American films of recent years. The cars pull up before an ancient shanty. The city men need drivers to deliver their cars to them downstream. They peek in the windows and see only a ravaged hag and a child dying of malnutrition. Another child, almost catatonic, sits vacantly in a swing on a collapsing porch. While a simpleton gasses up their cars, one of the city men strikes a few notes on his guitar. The child on the porch responds on his banjo. A few more notes, another response. In no time the two are challenging each other with bits of music. It is a contest that the child—empty-eyed, toothlessly grinning—wins easily. And immediately he returns to his catatonic state.

It is completely a movie moment, emphasizing at once the connections between the city people and the mountain people but, more especially, the gulf that separates them. Boorman again utilizes this moment when, as the men from the city paddle their canoes downstream, they pass under a wooden footbridge. The boy is watching them, and his vacant, impersonal stare creates a chill foreboding of the horror to come. The mountain men and the city men live in worlds apart.

Much of the film is sheer action. There are three canoe runs through the churning white waters of the Chattooga River, each with its own perils. With bow and arrow the men shoot fish, deer—and other men. And when they do so, *Deliverance* is suddenly transformed from a superior adventure movie into a picture that poses deep moral problems for each of its principals. Two of the city men, Jon Voight and Ned Beatty, have pulled their canoe ashore in advance of the others. Out of the silence of the forest two mountain men emerge and take them prisoners. The mountaineers torture one city man, bugger the other. The second canoe silently arrives, and Burt Reynolds, quickly assessing the situation, kills one of the mountaineers with an arrow. The other flees into the wilderness. Now what will these four civilized men do with the body? If they bring it downstream, what kind of justice will they receive from these closely knit mountain folk? On the other hand, the whole area will become a lake in a week or two, and, if they buried the dead man, who would know?

The journey downstream proceeds through another stretch of white water, and the guitar player (Ronny Cox) tumbles out of the canoe. Was he shot by the mountaineer who escaped? Voight assumes that the party is being shadowed and climbs a sharp precipice to bring down their pursuer. Lying in ambush he lets fly an arrow at a man with a rifle. When he comes upon the body, however, he is unable to make the identification for certain. He may have killed an innocent man.

Deliverance doesn't attempt to answer questions. The rights or wrongs of what the city people did with the first mountaineer, the guilt or innocence of the second dead man, are left unresolved. As in the novel, the film bores in on the effects of these events upon the men involved. And it is this unresolved, open-ended quality that leaves the viewer haunted and unresolved in his own mind. What would I have done if I had been there?

To make all of this unremittingly persuasive, Boorman took his small, carefully selected cast into the actual locations of Dickey's horror tale and shot in complete continuity. Whatever the extra costs—in human suffering as well as money—it was worth it. Reynolds registers as he never has before as the headstrong, self-assured organizer of the expedition; Voight effectively underplays as his mild-mannered, pipe-smoking friend who enjoys an occasional taste of the wilds. The camerawork, by Vilgot Zsigmond, is impeccable, and the score—banjo and guitar —is mercifully minimal. Dickey encounters some difficulty in unraveling the several skeins of his story in the final reel, but no matter. Everything that has gone before is so powerful, so right, that any attempt at a neat solution could cause only resentment. After the fade-out, the mind takes over. Which is as it should be. □

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Ge, 2Ei, 3Hd, 4Ah, 5Cg, 6Ba, 7Df and b, 8Fc.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: laming, lingam, malign.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We had our own ideas about what a book club should be...

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so we started one: The Saturday Review Book Club.

021. MEMOIRS OF HOPE
Renewal and Endeavour
Charles de Gaulle
Publisher's Price, $10.00

408. WHO OWNS AMERICA?
Walter J. Hickel
Publisher's Price, $6.95

417. CHANCE AND NECESSITY
Jacques Monod
Publisher's Price, $6.95

110. THE DECLINE OF THE WASP
Peter Schrag
Publisher's Price, $6.95

461. UNCOMMON SENSE
James MacGregor Burns
Publisher's Price, $6.95

485. FLANNERY O'CONNOR: THE COMPLETE STORIES
Publisher's Price, $10.00

355. IBSEN, A Biography
Michael Meyer
Publisher's Price, $12.95

143. THE ROCKY COAST
Rachel Carson
Publisher's Price, $6.95

328. THE CITIZEN KANE BOOK
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles
Publisher's Price, $15.00

196. CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM
Charles E. Silberman
Publisher's Price, $10.00

035. THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford
Publisher's Price, $12.00

337. I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
Publisher's Price, $5.95

473. TEACHER AND CHILD
Dr. Haim G. Ginott
Publisher's Price, $5.95

487. CITIZEN NADER
Charles McCarry
Publisher's Price, $7.95

494. BODY TIME, Gay Gaer Luce
Publisher's Price, $6.95

422. THE NAKED CHILDREN
Daniel Fader
Publisher's Price, $6.95

445. THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER
Eleanor Clark
Publisher's Price, $4.95

215. THE 12-YEAR REICH
Richard Grunberger
Publisher's Price, $10.00

223. MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN
Robert Penn Warren
Publisher's Price, $7.95

395. ARIEL and CROSSING THE WATER
Sylvia Plath
2 volumes count as one.
Publisher's Price, $10.90

102. STORIES AND PROSE POEMS
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Publisher's Price, $7.95

082. DESCHOOLING SOCIETY
Ivan Illich
Publisher's Price, $5.95

268. DUCE! Richard Collier
Publisher's Price, $12.50

305. THE MORTGAGED HEART
Carson McCullers
Publisher's rice, $7.95

018. WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY?
Donald Barr
Publisher's Price, $10.00

049. KNOTS
R. D. Laing
Publisher's Price, $5.95

099. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE
John Kenneth Galbraith
Publisher's Price, $8.95

490. MORTAL CONSEQUENCES
Julian Symons
Publisher's Price, $6.95

498. GROW IT!
Richard W. Langer
Publisher's Price, $8.95

We created a book club intensely concerned with today's ideas . . . issues . . . and insights.

Obviously this club will not appeal to mass tastes; we don't want it to.

This club is designed to attract a membership of people like yourself: people who enjoy the intellectual stimulation of confrontation and challenge . . . people who are indeed interested, informed and involved and who choose their reading accordingly.

You're never likely to find among our selections those books one might consider as fleeting best sellers, historical trivia or heavies, needlessly tedious reading of any kind.

As you can see from our introductory list, we choose those books we consider the most worthwhile from every field of contemporary writing — casting the same critical eye used in selecting material for *Saturday Review.*

You'll find among club selections provocative and insightful readings on *politics, economics, sociology, science, psychology, art, drama, music, education, the environment, the media. Fiction,* too, when it merits your consideration.

The mechanics of membership — and what we believe is a generous offer — are outlined in the reply form.

Please bear in mind that, as a member, you will never have to keep a book you don't wish to read and own. Should you ever receive a selection that fails to please you — for any reason — you may return it within 10 days for full, unquestioned credit.

We think that the *Saturday Review Book Club* will fit your own ideas of what a book club should be. To see if you agree with us, take a few moments now to look over the titles in this advertisement. Then let us know which *four* you'd like to receive as your introduction.

Use the convenient reply form.

Select 4 books now. They're yours for just $1.

Send no money now—just your choice of introductory books with your name and address. After your books arrive, you'll have 10 days to decide about your membership.

Saturday Review Book Club, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please accept my application for membership which entitles me to receive the *four* introductory books I've indicated below—all for only $1.

If I'm not delighted with these books, I may return them within 10 days; my membership will be canceled and I will owe nothing.

If I keep them, I will receive the Club's free newsletter. Each issue describes the forthcoming selection plus dozens of alternates. If I do not wish to receive a selection, or prefer an alternate—or wish no book at all—I will instruct you on the convenient form always provided.

I need purchase only four books during the coming year—at savings averaging 20% off publishers' prices. I may cancel my membership any time after these purchases. A modest shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss (please print).

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

0805S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance

New Italian Duo and a Great Black Star

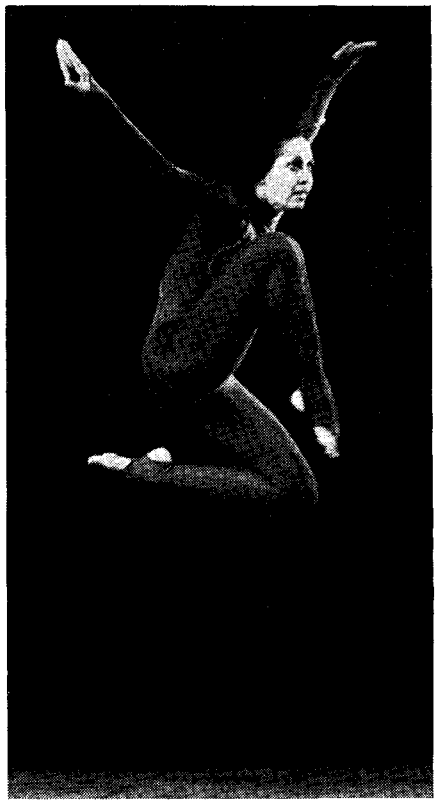
BY WALTER TERRY

Paolo Bortoluzzi first had American balletomanes cheering him when he made his U. S. debut a bit over a year ago as the principal male dancer of Maurice Béjart's Brussels-based Ballet of the Twentieth Century. For Béjart he danced only avant-garde ballets, although Europeans occasionally saw him as a guest artist in traditional ballets for non-Béjart enterprises. As a brand-new member of our own American Ballet Theatre, Bortoluzzi may now be seen as a romantic leading man and a striking virtuoso in the company's six-week season at the New York State Theater.

A new ballet team of international stature also seems to be in the making, for Bortoluzzi is beginning to replace the now-retired Erik Bruhn as Carla Fracci's favored partner. The two, of course, are Italian, and, since ballet had its inception in Italy before Columbus, it is especially fitting that we should shout *bravi* to the finest Italian classical dancers to come to us since the days of Rosina Galli at the Met a half-century and more ago.

The two, of course, are dancing together in the greatest of nineteenth-century romantic ballets, *Giselle*, in ABT's definitive production, but what is indicative of the hopes that Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith (the company's codirectors) have for their new team, is that they have revived for them a legendary romantic ballet of this century, Michel Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose*, created, to von Weber's composition *Invitation to the Dance*, for Karsavina and Nijinsky in 1911.

The revival, with the Bakst scenery and costumes, was directed by André Eglevsky (a famous "Spectre" of a few decades ago) with assistance from Annabelle Lyon, the last duo to be coached by Fokine himself. Fracci and Bortoluzzi, she a dark Italian and he a fair one, are lovely to look at as they dance a poem about a girl who returns from a ball and dreams that the rose she holds in her hands takes human form and dances with her. But, although they have captured the air of evanescent beauty essential to the *poetry* of the ballet, they have not yet found the heartbeat of the *drama* inherent in the dream.



Carmen De Lavallade in "Allegro."

Spectre is tricky to pull off. The *danseur* is dressed in pink rose petals and yet must avoid effeminacy at all costs. The *danseuse* has little to do other than *pas de bourrées and arabesques*, and getting herself lifted into the air. These days *Spectre* often misses; yet there is magic hidden there. I wasn't even born when Nijinsky and Karsavina made magic with it, but I remember casts of a much later date. Krassovska, incredibly beautiful, cool, was my favorite as the Young Girl. George Zorich, though wanting technically, was equally beautiful as the Spirit of the Rose.

Most recently, a totally successful *Spectre* was produced at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival under the aegis of the late Ted Shawn, with Niels Kehlet of the Royal Danish Ballet and Lone Isaksen, also a Dane, as the cast. The secret of the triumph was that Kehlet's Spectre was not a high-leaping male dancer but, rather, a creature—a dream-creature you saw and believed in only through the eyes of Miss Isaksen. Fracci and Bortoluzzi are on the threshold of stepping from ballet figures into a magical world of dreams.

But as it stands at the moment, both Fracci and Bortoluzzi are making dance magic, together and singly, in that unmatched repertory provided by the ABT. New dance accomplishments? A report anon.

LEE, Mass.—The world's most celebrated summertime dance event, the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, is now in its fortieth year and its thirty-first year in the Ted Shawn Theater, the first theater in America to be built expressly and exclusively for the art of dancing. Missing is its founder-director, Ted Shawn, who died in January at the age of eighty after a career of sixty years as a dancer, choreographer, teacher, innovator, author, and impresario.

Mr. Shawn never held a festival without including all forms of dance and dancers of as many races and nationalities as possible—African, Caribbean, South American, North American. The fourth program this summer was all black, featuring Arthur Hall and his Afro-American Dance Ensemble in a brilliantly staged and kinesthetically electric display of dancers from Guinea, Ghana, Rwanda, Nigeria, and Haiti, and starring that glorious artist, Carmen De Lavallade.

Miss De Lavallade offered two solos, *Allegro* (to music of Ginestera), her first choreography, and *The Creation*, choreographed by her husband, Geoffrey Holder, in which she spoke and danced and acted. All present fell in love with her all over again.

On July 16 Jacob's Pillow presented a program in celebration of Ted Shawn —no sad in memoriams! Mr. Shawn, who had almost become a Methodist minister during his university years but turned, instead, to dance evangelism, had requested that no formal church service be held at his passing. He asked only that Carmen De Lavallade dance the spiritual "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." On July 16, in the Ted Shawn Theater, she granted his last request. □

Editor's note—We regret that in the photo caption in the July 22 issue, fourteen-year-old Cameron Basden was misidentified as Nathalie Krassovska.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Game Preserves

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Mrs. Betty Jones was fixing a nice Friday night supper made up of roast chicken, baked potatoes, and lima beans. Ten minutes before the chicken was scheduled to be done, she opened the can of beans and found an elephant in it.

"I didn't see him at first," she said. "I just opened the can and dumped the beans. Later, when I was stirring them, I saw this little gray thing splashing around and squirting water out his trunk. I guess he liked the hot water after being stuffed in that clammy dark can."

Mrs. Jones said she wasn't really shocked. She had read about the Watkins Glen, New York, woman who found the torso of a grasshopper disguised as a string bean. In fact, adding to the authenticity of the masquerade, even his legs had been removed.

Two weeks ago a Syracuse woman hit the jackpot and received a decapitated frog's head in her string beans. Apparently stimulated by the discovery, she opened another can and found the rest of his anatomy—thus making a complete frog.

Then in a burst of retaliation the Food and Drug Administration issued a statement saying they have always allowed a little amount of rodent droppings, insect fragments, and a variety of worms in processed food. They added the threat that, if the consumer wanted pure food, there would be no food.

"So, you know, I wasn't really all that surprised to find an animal in my vegetables," Jones said. "I just wasn't ready for an elephant . . . still alive. After I got over the shock, though, it was a good feeling to think that it must have been a real fresh can."

Being a goodhearted woman and concerned for the elephant's welfare, Mrs. Jones took him out of the pan and let him wallow in the bath tub.

"When my husband got home," she said, "I showed him the little tyke. He was amazed, too, at how well he had been preserved. We both have a lot of respect for the food industry—how it can bring the food from the farmer to the consumer so quickly and well kept."

Problems arose later, however, when the elephant began acting depressed. "We figured he was lonely," Mrs. Jones explained. "So we began opening the rest of our vegetable cans in hopes of finding another elephant for him to play with.

"But," she sighed, "we didn't have any luck. All we found was the tail of what we think came from a green snake, a few bird feathers, the right hind leg of a salamander, and several hangnails."

The next day Mrs. Jones took her elephant to the supermarket where she had bought the beans and told the manager she found a foreign object packed amongst the limas.

Without looking up, the manager handed her a form to fill out. It was a typical form, calling for her name, the date she bought the can, what she found, what part of the anatomy it was, its sex, and religion, if any, and whether any part had been eaten before discovery.

When she had finished, the manager looked at the completed form and saw: "Elephant, whole, male, alive, no religious preference."

"Lady," he said, shaking his head, "we have machines that gather the vegetables, screen them, clean them, and send them to the factory where they are processed, cooked, treated, and dumped into cans. We have the most highly developed technology in the world. Granted a few small animal parts sneak in once in a while. But not an elephant." He sat back wearily.

"But I have him right here," Mrs. Jones said, pulling him out of her shopping bag. The manager promptly turned white.

"Please leave!" he said jumping up against the wall. "We do not allow animals in our store! It is unsanitary and against the law!" Mrs. Jones tried to explain, but he interrupted her. "How would you feel," he said, "if you came into our store to shop and there were wild animals roaming around, spreading germs all over our food? Please—leave!"

"So you see," Mrs. Jones said after the incident, "I'm really not sure what to do. I reported it to the SPCA, but they don't have any rules against chopping up and packaging animals. The Food and Drug Administration said as long as the animals had been cleaned to meet the standards, no law was broken."

The elephant, whom they now called Fitzgerald, was romping on the shag rug in the living room. "I don't have any hard feelings," she said, watching Fitzgerald. "I'm just afraid one of these days some elderly person is going to open a can of something and find a boiled frog staring up at her. She might have a heart attack or something. What if somebody bit into a snake's head?"

For all the problems Fitzgerald caused at the beginning, things have ironically turned, and the family is buying more canned goods than ever.

"The children are really excited," Mrs. Jones said. "They're saving up their money to buy their own cans in hopes of finding another elephant or a python. Suzy wants a panda bear, and Billy's looking for a tiger. Little Freddy wants a gorilla—he's right at that stage, you know.

"But," she sighed, "all we've found so far are a few small reptiles and a chicken beak. Nothing to get excited about."

Dennis Miller

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1518

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1518 will be found in the next issue.

UC UZ JOJLUXT FAM XUIK YKAYWK JGK CA DAP MFKX CFKD VXAM DAP JGK TAUXT JMJD.

OUIFJKW JGWKX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1517

The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness.

Conrad

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is presented as a public service in cooperation with The Department of the Treasury and The Advertising Council.

Are you going to live longer than your money?

Maybe you're having a pretty good life now. Your credit is good, you've got a few nice clothes and a good dependable car. And if you're lucky, maybe you own your own home. But that's because you're working. What happens when you retire? You can't live on memories. It's still going to take money. Lots of money. Money that you should be saving now.

And one of the easiest ways to start putting away a few dollars for those retirement years is by joining the Payroll Savings Plan where you work and buying U.S. Savings Bonds.

That way every time you earn a little money for today, you save a little for tomorrow.

Then when the time finally comes to retire, you'll have something put away to retire to.

Now E Bonds pay 5½% interest when held to maturity of 5 years, 10 months (4% the first year). Bonds are replaced if lost, stolen, or destroyed. When needed they can be cashed at your bank. Interest is not subject to state or local income taxes, and federal tax may be deferred until redemption.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

Take stock in America.
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds.

SR CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere, miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.70 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.40 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.50 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.60 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Cassettes, tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

LARGE OR SMALL VOLUME Manuscript Typing—quality work. IBM, MT/ST or IBM Composer. "Camera-Ready" copy. Any subject, media, confidential. Word International, Inc., 707 Alworth Building, Duluth, Minnesota 55802.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Editing. Cassettes. Marye Myers, 621 Charter Oak, South Pasadena, 91030.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. Box D-918.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels, Robert Hogrogian, 201-489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

REPORTS, MANUSCRIPTS, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, 11 Ontario, Oakpark, Illinois 60302.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Readers' Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS catalogue, free. Write Bookseller, Box 54R, Sherman, Connecticut 06784.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusttts 01230.

SAVE MONEY! Visit New York Book, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC, 10036.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. *Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction,* social activities, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC, 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Large stock, free search. Dabney Co., Box 31061-R, Washington, D.C. 20031.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 1-S, Pacific Palisades, California 90272.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS." 30¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

COLLAGE-DRAWINGS by New York artists. Send $10.00 to Avenue B School of Art, 52 Bond Street, NYC, 10012.

RECORD MART

ANY RECORD, ANY TAPE at lowest discount prices. Enroll in Saturnian Record Club. $1 lifetime membership fee brings you a Free Schwann catalogue and forms for immediate ordering of any record at unmatchably low prices. No minimum, no limit. Write Saturnian Record Club, Box SR, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1,000 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label price. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932-SR, New York, N.Y. 10023.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

JOHN MORLEY English Classical Harpsichords, Clavichords, Antique Pianos/Harps. Safe shipment. Free catalogue. Write 4 Belmont Hill, London, S.E. 13, England.

SPENDTHRIFT? SKINFLINT? Maybe on this year's budget, but your Bechstein is for your lifetime. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers (kits $20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records. HERE, Inc., #S, 410 Cedar Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented), $195 to $650. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK and mountainteering equipment. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, Voyageuring or whitewater. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 42, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

ROOSEVELT SCHOOL. Shippan Point, Stamford, Connecticut 06902, 203-325-2231. Coed College Prep, Day and Boarding, 7th through 12th grade. Faculty student ratio 1:7. Individual programming, supervised study halls. 3-year high school graduation..Warm, homelike atmosphere.

HORIZON'S EDGE—A caring school in a country home setting. Special emphasis on family life and individual academic progress. Children 6-14. Horizon's Edge School, Canterbury, N.H. 03224. 603-783-4388.

OUTLOOK SCHOOL—success oriented for BRIGHT underachievers. Exceptional staff offers individual attention. Coeducational, boarding, limited enrollment. Orcas Island, Eastsound, Washington 98245. 206-376-2581.

THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE to traditional highly structured boys' preparatory schools. Grades 9-12. Personalized programs of study, college style class scheduling, weekly private student-instructor meetings, self-paced study. Athletic, recreational opportunities include skiing, sailing. 65 acre (in town) lakefront campus. Student/Parent references offered. Moderate tuition. Some scholarships. Call 603-569-1600. Write Department 5, BREWSTER ACADEMY, Wolfeboro, New Hampshire 03894.

DARROW SCHOOL — Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents. Balance of responsibility and freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

WOOLMAN HILL EDUCATIONAL VENTURE—An experimental alternative school, residential farm-learning community, work-study, cross-cultural studies, travel in Mexico. Coed, ages 14-18. Write: Woolman Hill, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

VERSHIRE SCHOOL—Coed secondary school combining pioneering (our 4th year), scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Blending also Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Thirty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

COLLEGES

A COLLEGE YEAR IN LONDON. Study British theatre, English drama, European architecture at a branch campus of Roger Williams College in central London. Program includes normal academic courses for two semesters, tour to Stratford-Upon-Avon, tour of Britain, tour of Continental Europe, over fifty theatrical group events—all for the cost of a normal college year. Fully accredited. For information on transferability, write: London Theatre Program, Roger Williams College, Bristol, Rhode Island 02809 or phone 401-255-2368.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL Teacher Training Course in MIAMI offers A.M.I. diploma—worldwide recognition. Write: Director of Admissions, SOUTHERN MONTESSORI INSTITUTE, 1517 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida 33129.

MARK HOPKINS College for Independent Study is attempting to redress deficiencies of the American educational system. New programs keep our fall admissions open. Saturday interviews in New York City through August. Call 802-254-4800 or write: Mark Hopkins College, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Racially nondiscriminatory admission policy. Educational Development Center, 41 Seminary Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR. •

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PERSONALS

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. Visit Carol Brown's fabric shop in her home. Putney, 05346.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $6; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 8-2-A, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First-year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, 620 Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts 02144.

MUSIC MINUS YOU. Classical/Pop accompaniments. Over 600 background LPs. Free 64-page catalogue. Write Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

HANDCRAFTED ceramic chess sets and boards, $37.50. Limited editions, signed by artist. Free brochure. Box I-217.

ECOLOGY PENDANTS, Belts, Giftware. Beautifully handcrafted. Catalogue S. Mandarin House, 12 East Church, Blackwood, N.J. 08012.

APARTMENT SITTER, working girl, needs Manhattan apartment. Long-term arrangement. References. 212-925-3492.

SPEEDREADING! Proven home-study course guarantees to triple reading speed or money back. Special! Regular $40 course now only $30. Check or money order only. Speedread International, 212 Prudential Plaza, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc., 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

NOISE POLLUTION: Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs. Recommended by otologists for sleep, study, sports. $1.00 plus 10¢ postage. McKeon Products, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

MANGOS—Aristocrat of tropical fruits, Persian Limes, shipping now through August. Avocados from July 15th. Airport Fruit Shippers, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159. Free Brochure.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC, 10016.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

PERSONALS

COOL IT AT MARTELL'S, serving fine foods and spirituous liquors. 3rd Avenue, corner of 83rd Street, NYC. 212-UN 1-6110.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG WRITER, reporter on top newspaper, also magazine, teaching experience, now writing book, seeks part-time work NYC, Boston. Box I-219.

FUND RAISER—Productive background universities, hospital and rehabilitation, seeks worthwhile campaign. Box I-240.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TWO MOTHER'S HELPERS for two neighboring Brooklyn Heights families with small children. Own room and bath. Ideal for students. Starting mid-September. Box H-625.

JOBS EUROPE AND ENGLAND guaranteed and salaried. Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring. Young people 18-29. Hotels, restaurants, hospitals, etc. For details and application, send $1.00 with a stamped self-addressed business size envelope to Princeton Research, Dept. R., Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Send age, occupation. Write: Global Employment, Box 706-P121, Orinda, California 94563.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

LONDON—Secretaries/typists. Applicants pay own fare. 50¢. Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

ENVIRONMENTAL JOBS NATIONWIDE—Monthly Bulletin. $6.00, one month; $11.00, two; $16.00, three. Ecology Placement Service, 1711 Lincoln, St. Paul, Minnesota 55105.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-WS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100-page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K16, Ames, Iowa 50010.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Free passage. 50,000 Jobs—most comprehensive information anywhere—Employment Directory, Business Directory, Teaching Opportunities, Education, Housing, Taxation, Ranching, Maps. Only $1.00. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

(Continued on page 70)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 69)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

FOREIGN STUDY-PUBLIC RELATIONS—We are a British-based firm and need responsible part-time agents in North America whose duties would entail promoting our European educational tours for junior and high school children. This is a worthwhile and very remunerative occupation for practicing teachers and others. We provide a generous ratio of free tours for accompanying adults. If you are interested, please apply for further details to our U.S. representative: Professor Van C. Kussrow, Ph.D., Camp Pinnacle, Hendersonville, North Carolina 28739.

TEACHERS—Independent schools are still seeking science and math specialists at the elementary level. Excellent references essential. Experience and independent school background preferred. Some French/Spanish vacancies also available. If you are seeking professional growth and/or a change in geographic location, let us help you. Some fee-paid positions. Placement Service, IES, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BERKSHIRES, NEAR TANGLEWOOD—Large, new, all electric contemporary home on 2½ wooded acres, 500' frontage on beautiful secluded lake. Excellent winter and summer fishing, boating, swimming; near skiing, tennis, golf. Cathedral living room with fireplace, 4 bedrooms, 3 full baths, 2-car garage, many extras; central vacuum system, etc. $65,000. Owner, RD 1, Box 92A1, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. 413-528-4467.

MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE SERVICE.

CAPE COD CONDOMINIUMS—Halcyon is our remarkable year 'round condominium community on one of the remaining unspoiled areas of the Cape. Write Hilon Development Corporation, Dept. G9, 1330 Boylston Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167. Or call collect 617-734-2300. This offering is not available in states where prohibited by law.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

Furnished/Unfurnished

QUOGUE, L.I. (THE HAMPTONS)—Located in small, charming village, about a mile from beach, near tennis courts and small golf club. Sailing on Shinnecock Bay, ½ mile. This old, charming summer house has 10 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 porches, a large bright kitchen, and is comfortably furnished. Large landscaped yard, gorgeous trees, some perfect for a child's tree house. Ideal for a family with children. A good income house, as well. Seasonal rent is $5,500. Low maintenance. This residence could not be replaced for well over the asking price of $75,000. SR Box H-256.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND—House for rent September through May. 4 bedrooms, modern facilities, completely furnished. Picturesque setting in French village on lake shore. Accessible to fine libraries, excellent skiing. SR Box I-224.

MARLBORO, VERMONT—Contemporary mountain home. Private, residential community. Magnificent views. Enormous deck. Decorator furnished. Option to buy. $275 weekly. Reduced monthly rate. 802-257-0239.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

HOUSE TO SHARE

LLOYD NECK, HUNTINGTON, New York. Live graciously. Share home with professional woman. SR Box I-225.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, Box D-467.

FOR RENT-FREE VACATIONS join our home vacation exchangers. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278-T, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN—1-bedroom apartment, luxury building. Sublet August 25th-September 16th. $250. SR Box I-223.

VICINITY LINCOLN CENTER, NYC—Cheerful five. 2 bedrooms, real kitchen, dishwasher. Antiques, paintings, stereo. Until spring. $550. Collect 212-787-3895.

PARIS 16, FRANCE—Beautiful 1½ rooms. 8/'72-6/'73. Professor Weill, 26 rue Bassano, Paris 16.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

TIMBER COVE PROPERTIES—Still available. The deed restrictions, concepts of architectural excellence, privacy and environmental responsibility make this offering unique in America. We are selling enduring values meaningful to individuals. This is a place of privacy, not a country club. On California's Sonoma Coast—large individual homesites. Contact Home & Land Co., P.O. Box 287, Tiburon, California 94920. 415-388-9500.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

"VERMONT LISTINGS and RealNet News" has over 400 properties advertised monthly. Twelve issues, $5.00. Box 802, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

NEW WAY TO LIVE IN OLD MEXICO—Enjoy warm spring weather the year 'round in Lomas de Taxco, the newest resort community in old Mexico. For as little as $26,000, you can own a modern 2-bedroom home on a mesa overlooking picturesque Taxco, between Mexico City and Acapulco. Golf, swimming, riding, and lots of easy living. Taxes under $100 a year. Write us for complete information. PANORAMA International, Ltd., Dept. LL31, 810 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Phone 202-783-3600.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

COFFIN'S NECK—Down East at Lubec, near Campobello International Park, lies this beautiful neck of forested land in Cobscook Bay. A private but civilized spot, where a number of residents are already enjoying their attractive summer homes. Properties average over 3 acres and 200 to 300 feet of shorefront, and can be purchased for as little as $6,300 total price, with only $500 down. It's a pretty attractive price, and you'll find the property even prettier. Call WHITECAPS, 207-667-5366 or write Box 45SL, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM—Homes, land, investment properties near skiing, lakes, mountains. Free Brochure. Peter D. Watson Agency, Greensboro, Vermont 05841. 802-533-2909/2651 until 10:00 p.m.

WILDERNESS LAKE—75 acres, virgin pine, bald eagles. Klessig, Highbridge, Wisconsin 54846.

CHAPEL HILL, N.C.—Environmentally protected woodlands. $500-$1,500 per acre. Heartwood Realty, 377, Rt 3, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. 919-542-4722.

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA—65 acres, 1,000' waterfront. $2,900. Box 332, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1041, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14, doubles $27 daily E.P. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

MEXICO—Quiet country hacienda near Taxco. Swimming, tennis, ideal accommodations. P.O. Box 28, Taxco, Gro.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

BORDER LAKES OUTFITTERS — Canoe trips into Superior Quetico wilderness. Individual, family, group trips planned. Box 158, Winton, Minnesota 55796. 218-365-3783.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Mary & Ed Williams, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

ST. JOHN, V. I.—Secluded hilltop villa. For adventuresome. Sleeps 4-6. Walk to private beach. Fall, spring vacancies. SR Box H-935.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—or pack every minute with activity. You'll have a delightfully relaxing and revitalizing vacation. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

COUNTRYSIDE VERMONT—Six beautifully furnished one-floor apartments with all modern conveniences. Bedroom faces dashing brook. Fireplace. $100 weekly. Madonna Apartments, Jeffersonville, Vermont 05464. Tel. 802-644-5355.

THE FLYING CLOUD INN—A secluded Colonial retreat in the heart of the Berkshires. Featuring tennis, swimming, woodland walks, carefully prepared menus and selected wines. Congenial company. Convenient to summer Music, Dance, Theatre. Capacity 20 guests. Reservations required. Open May 12th to October 31st. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ENJOY A VERMONT MINI-VACATION. Luxury resort and condominiums on scenic hillside. 9-hole golf, heated pool, championship tennis, fishing. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

VACATIONS

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

DEXTER'S INN, Sunapee, N.H. 03782. Small luxurious country inn high above Lake Sunapee. 185 beautiful acres. Swimming pool, tennis; cocktail lounge; library. Breakfast in bed. Attentive care with individual concern for each guest. Golf, riding, nearby. M.A.P. 603-763-5571.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

RELAX OR PLAY in the White Mountains—Friendly Colonial Inn in the Mount Washington Valley. Modern rooms . . . excellent food and drink. Swim in our olympic pool, golf, hike, sight-see, play tennis, hunt antiques—or just relax. AAA approved resort. Rates from $16 a day, including three meals. Call or write for free brochure. Eva and Jim Powers, Christmas Farm Inn, Jackson, N.H. 03846. 603-383-4313.

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotelitis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling trade winds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SUMMER: Tennis, golf, swimming, hiking, fishing. Children's program. Resident theatre. Magnificent White Mountain setting. $6.00-$12.00 per person, E.P. The Outlook Inn, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-236-8355.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

PRAESTEGAARD FILM-VIDEO-PHOTOGRAPHY — A school/workshop/community with complete working and living facilities. Write: David Nelson, Director, PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY IN MEXICO. Enjoy a month or a year of arts and crafts, Intensive Spanish. Writers' Workshop as amateur or professional. MFA program. Field trips, sunshine, sports, Mexico's loveliest town. Catalogue? Send postcard to Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY"—American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

STUDY ABROAD in 120 countries. Handbook on International Study for U.S. Nationals tells what, when, how, and how much. Also lists scholarships and special programs for students, teachers, volunteers. Send $7.00 to Institute of International Education, 809 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

STUDIES ABROAD

GRADUATE STUDIES IN ENGLAND—Alvescot College now offers tailor-made programs for graduates. Candidates pursue their studies under the guidance of highly qualified advisors, especially appointed to assist each graduate. The Oxford University System for graduate studies is followed. For more information write to: Alvescot College, Alvescot, Oxfordshire, England.

PRAESTEGAARDEN FOTOSKOLE—A unique setting for study and realization in cinema and photography. Summer and Winter program openings. Praestegaarden Fotoskole, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

EAST AFRICAN NATURE SAFARI. Andy & Alice Colquhoun specialize in arranging and accompanying Photographic Safaris for one or two married couples. Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

HOW TO TRAVEL THE WORLD and Stay Healthy—Patrick Doyle, M.D., James Banta, M.D., Peace Corps Medical Director. The indispensable medical guide for world travelers! Ideal bon voyage present! At your bookseller, or send $5.00 to Acropolis Books, 2400 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SEE WORLD-FAMOUS VERMONT MARBLE Exhibit, Proctor, Vermont, Rt 3, near Rutland. May 26th-October 15th, 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Beautiful displays of worldwide marble varieties. Home, yard uses of marble. Celebrated carvings. Unique Presidential display. Color motion pictures. Marble table tops, gifts at factory prices. Adults 50¢, children free. Write: FOLDER.

A CANYON VOYAGE. Magnificent, deep-walled, red-rock canyons by rubber raft or jet boat. Photographers' Paradise. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

OFFBEAT EUROPE GUIDEBOOKS. "EUROPE'S FLEA MARKETS," 80 markets, 10 countries, drawings, maps. "WHERE THE ANTIQUES ARE," shops described. 70 towns in Britain, Ireland, dollar-pound prices, shipping, maps, index. $3.10 each postpaid. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

ROUND THE WORLD EXPEDITION—180' yacht. Remote places—Galapagos, Easter Island, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. Share expense. Shipmates wanted. Fried, Apt. 1A, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

SAN FRANCISCO on $5.00 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2000

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Shallow pit or depression like the mark left by a smallpox pustule	188 1 124 39 169 184 191
B. Irrational	120 14 151 40 190 136
C. Nut-shaped	113 66 83 129 95 193 155 20
D. Doctrine of absolute submission to a sovereign willing and able to maintain public order	149 173 143 202 99 19 50
E. Affectionate term for deep south State University (2 wds.)	51 2 197 61 125 41 157
F. Abrogate	67 62 98 123 3 52 175
G. Of a girl or young woman physically suited for marriage	121 74 102 146 68 168
H. Mexican communal farm	196 29 69 75 4
I. Curtail	53 91 21 107 42
J. Wyoming is known as the ____ state	43 152 134 30 198 22 158 15
K. Glaring	76 89 194 164 172 150 133 103 44
L. Playwright	105 77 23 135 195 45 5
M. Viral disease of sheep, goats and occasionally man marked by pustular lesions on the lips	24 16 54 90 203 178 6
N. Hilton novel, enacted on the screen by Ronald Colman and Greer Garson (2 wds.)	78 17 31 122 205 7 159 84 25 167 55 63 104
O. Member of the "Congregation of Jesus and Mary" founded in France in 1643	106 153 201 26 70 18
P. Bronislaw ____, noted Chicago Bear's backfield star	85 12 32 183 56 27 156 88
Q. Descriptive of popular vitamin pill (3 wds.)	8 137 189 57 86 28 92
R. Improvement	79 101 192 177 141 131
S. Musical play suggested by the life and works of Miguel de Cervantes (4 wds.)	111 80 9 140 170 33 144 114 160 206 64 87 179
T. British colony on the S.W. tip of the Arabian Peninsula	115 185 34 161
U. Greet (2 wds.)	145 93 35 58 182
V. Washington's winter headquarters 1776-77; 1779-80	139 174 110 119 154 130 11 138 176 38
W. Solicit for sexual purposes	49 128 132 166 147 59
X. Considering (4 wds.)	60 108 81 65 142 46 116 10 148 162 199 94
Y. Hero in Sir Walter Scott's narrative poem *Marmion*	117 109 181 71 82 180 100 171 200
Z. Creator of the fictional lovers, Jennifer and Oliver (2 wds.)	96 204 127 72 163 47 118 36 187 165
Z¹. Prolific English cinema star, *The Hound of The Baskervilles*	73 112 126 186 13 48 97 37

DIRECTIONS

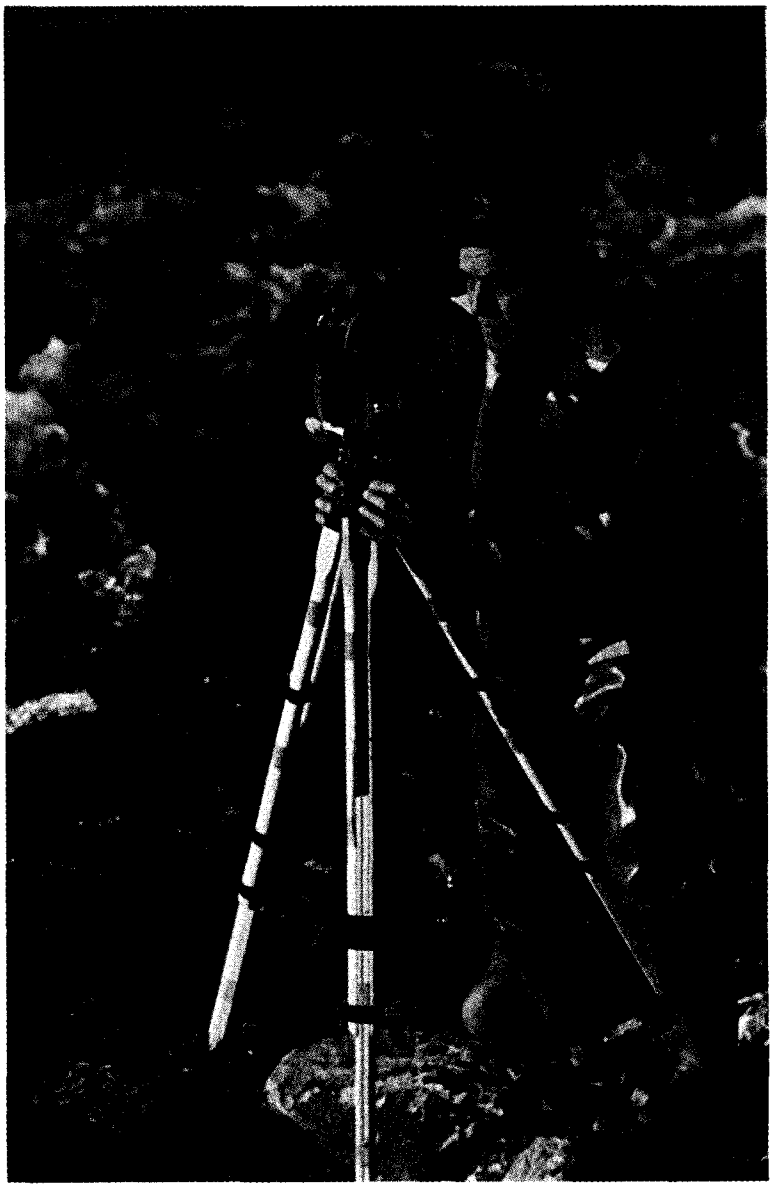
Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 A		2 E	3 F	4 H	5 L		6 M	7 N	8 Q	9 S	10 X		11 V	12 P	13 Z¹	14 B	15 J
—	16 M	17 N	18 O	19 D		20 C	21 I	22 J	23 L	24 M	25 N		26 O	27 P		28 Q	
29 H	30 J	31 N	32 P	33 S	34 T	35 U		36 Z	37 Z¹	38 V	39 A	40 B	41 E		42 I	43 J	44 K
	45 L	46 X	47 Z	48 Z¹		49 W		50 D	51 E	52 F	53 I	54 M	55 N	56 P		57 Q	58 U
	59 W	60 X	61 E	62 F	63 N		64 S	65 X	66 C	67 F	68 G	69 H	70 O	71 Y		72 Z	73 Z¹
74 G	75 H	76 K		77 L	78 N	79 R	80 S	81 X	82 Y	83 C		84 N	85 P	86 Q		87 S	88 P
89 K	90 M	91 I	92 Q		93 U	94 X	95 C	96 Z	97 Z¹	98 F	99 D	100 Y	101 R		102 G	103 K	104 N
	105 L	106 O	107 I		108 X	109 Y	110 V	111 S	112 Z¹	113 C		114 S	115 T	116 X	117 Y	118 Z	119 V
	120 B	121 G	122 N		123 F	124 A	125 E	126 Z¹	127 Z	128 W	129 C	130 V	131 R		132 W	133 K	134 J
135 L	136 B		137 Q	138 V		139 V	140 S	141 R	142 X		143 D	144 S	145 U	146 G	147 W	148 X	
149 D	150 K	151 B		152 J	153 O	154 V	155 C	156 P	157 E		158 J	159 N	160 S	161 T		162 X	163 Z
164 K		165 Z	166 W	167 N	168 G		169 A	170 S		171 Y		172 K	173 D	174 V	175 F		176 V
177 R	178 M	179 S	180 Y		181 Y	182 U	183 P	184 A	185 T		186 Z¹	187 Z	188 A	189 Q		190 B	191 A
192 R	193 C	194 K	195 L	196 H	197 E		198 J	199 X	200 Y	201 O		202 D	203 M	204 Z	205 N	206 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ken Harte's 25-year love affair...with the Lehigh River



Ken Harte is an avid conservationist. For many years he has carried on an ardent love affair . . . with the Lehigh River. Like most hunters and fishermen, he has a special "thing" about clean water.

Twenty-five years ago he became a director of the Lehigh River Restoration Association, a group devoted to restoring the river, and the parallel Lehigh Canal.

Working with local industries, sportsmen's groups, and communities, Ken Harte and the LRRA are helping to upgrade river-water quality all the way from its headwaters down to its confluence with the Delaware River. A trout-stocking program has provided their surest measurement of progress. Result: fish are thriving, and the river's largest city, Allentown, will be able to draw on the Lehigh for municipal water when needed.

And the canal? Thanks to the untiring efforts of Ken and his colleagues, it too is clean enough to be stocked with fish. The towpath, stretching along the canal for about 35 miles, is being considered for inclusion in the National Hiking Trails system.

A product supervisor at our Bethlehem, Pa., plant, before his recent retirement, Ken Harte is a director of the Water Resources Association of the Delaware River Basin, which covers the four-state region through which the Delaware flows.

While Bethlehem Steel claims no credit for Ken's accomplishments in ecology, we do want to comment that it is dedicated men like him who may one day rewrite the old saying to read: "Water, water everywhere, and *plenty* fit to drink."

BETHLEHEM STEEL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Silver Martini.
For people who want a silver lining without the cloud.

SMIRNOFF SILVER® VODKA 90.4 PROOF DIST. FROM GRAIN STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN) ©1971 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Smirnoff Silver

nety point four proof. Smirnoff leaves you breathless.

CONTENT CLASSIFIED 2005 BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED